10.

AN EXCELLENT TRAGEDY of *Mulleasses* the *TVRKE*, AND *BORGIAS* Governour of *FLORENCE*.

Full of Interchangeable variety; beyond expectation.

As it hath beene diverſe times Acted (with generall Applauſe) by the Children of his MAIESTIES, *REVELS.*

Written by *Iohn Maſon*, Maiſter of ARTS.

Hæc Semper Superbiam quæſitam Meritis.

LONDON,
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Scenarum Perſona.

Mulleaſſes	the Turke.
Borgias	Gouernour of Florence.
Duke of Venice.	
Duke of Ferrara.	
Bordello	an humorous trauellour.
Pantoſle	his Page
Eunuchus	ſeruant to Borgias
Lord of Florence.	
Phego	a gentle man vſher.
Phileazo	a gentleman of Ferrara.
Pruſias	a gentle man of Venice.
A Fryar.	
Iulia	Dutcheſſe of Florence.
Timoclea	Borgias wife
Amada	his daughter
Madam Fullſome	an old Gentlewoman.

The Argument.

Iulia the yong Dutcheſſe of *Florence*, being too yong to gouerne ſo great a ſtate, was by her father left in the hands of *Borgias* her Vncle, and Protector: The Duke of *Ferrara* is by this vncle promiſed to marry the Lady, and the Duke of *Venice* hath the vowes of the Florentine Senate, to haue her yeelded vp to him.

Vpon this difference, The two Dukes, bring their Armies before the walles of *Florence*, to try it out by Battaile, who ſhall enioy the *Princeſſe*: But *Borgias* being a Neutralian, hath as tis ſuppoſ'd made away his owne wife *Timoclea*, with intent to marry his Niece *Iulia*, and ſo get the Dukedome; the Cardinall of *Anion*, (his kinſman) ſoliciting the *Pope* for a diſpenſation. The great *Turke* likewiſe hath promiſt *Borgias* 40000. *Ianiſaries*, to be his guard againſt all forraine outrages, and to make him K. of *Italy*, on condition that *Borgias* will deliuer into his hands the command of the Streites of *Gibraltar*, therby to giue him paſſage into other parts of Chriſtendome which *Borgias* ſweares to doe.

The Dukes lying before the walles, *Borgias* ſummond a Parley, they come, & being in his counterfeited ſorrow told that *Iulia* is dead. The Dukes lay aſide their armes, grew friends, and are receiued into *Florence*, where after a Banquet, *Borgias* intends to kill them, but Mulleaſſes a *Turke*, counſells otherwiſe.

Mulleaſſes is a *Turke*, that in exchange of *Iulio* (Sonne to *Borgias*) comes into *Italy*, to learne the language and faſhions,

thions of the Countrey, and growes so endeer'd to *Borgias*, he trusts him in all his plotts, and for it is promist *Amada* his daughter to wife. But the *Turke* loues *Timoclea* (*Borgias* wife,) and shee him, yet in the end being weary of her, aymes at *Iulia*.

Timoclea finding the *Turke* enamoured on *Amada*, kills her owne daughter: *Borgias* after many cunning Tragicall changes, strangles his wife in her owne haire, stabs *Ferrara*, being in the shape of an Eunuch. In the end *Leostes* and *Borgias*, kill one another, & the Duke of *Venice* surviuing all their blacke and Trecherous plots, marries *Iulia*.

There are other passages of Triuiall Inferior persons, Interwouen into this peice, which serue as a foyle to the Bravery and height of the Tragedy, yet are Instruments aptly set going to wheele vp the worke.

Mulleasses the Turke,

Actus primi. Scæna prima.

Enter aloft Iulia, and Amada.

Iul. HOw sweet are things knowne in their contraries
When onely apprehension, and sicke thoughts
Foster a gredy longing *Amada!*
A. Madame you breath: no couetous hand
Takes the aire from you: no contrariety
Bandy's against your rest: as I am modest,
My fathers seeming harsh vngentlenesse
Is but a misty pollicie, to beguile sometime:
Then be your selfe and *Iouiall.*
Iul. Yet why should I repine,
At this my forct restraint of liberty?
Our life is but a sayling to our death,
Through the worlds Ocean: it makes no matter then
Whether we put into the worlds vast Sea,
Shipt in a Pinasse or an Argosy.
Ama. No matter: when we hope for change of vessels Lady,
And in that hope beguile your passions:
Giue your sight o're the citty walls
And see what worthy obiects meete your eies:
See where two Dukes, each like a God of warre,
Lie both entrench't against the gates of Florence
To gaine your loue: on the west side, ther's
Ferrara hangs his scarlet ensignes foorth
And wooes in blood: then from the East behould

In a white enſigne ſil'd with ſtarres of gould,
Burnes the Venetians loue: the morning ſun
Courts not the world more amorouſly: he is as milde
As *Mirrhas* boy doth proone that loue's a childe,
Not tetchy if not wrongd. The other like Mars
Hemms in his Venus in his armes of ſteele.

Enter the Duke of Ferrara at one doore, and the Duke of Venice at another doore, and meete at the midſt of the Stage.

And vowes a conqueſt: ſee where they appeare
Madam your loue, which hand for a Dukedome?
Were I an Orator I could praiſe *Ferrara*,
He like the marble ſtatute of ſome God,
Carries commaund in his proportion,
In him loue ſeemes a warrior for the fire
Of beſt affection burnes in hot deſire.

Iul. And yet me thinkes the ſmooth Venetian
Should more content a Venus:
In him loue ſeemeth as he is, calme and milde,
Pleaſing and ſportfull: things rough and violent
Die like abortiue fruit before perfection.
Th'are purſy and ſhort breathd: th'ardor of true loue
Burns in a calme breaſt: in him affections
Are not like tempeſts raging: yet of force
Like an euen gale of wind to beare loues ſhip
Vnto the Port of happineſſe: his fire
Burns, and conſumes not, but maintaines deſire.

Ven. Giue o're my claime: that ſhould argue,
A too could temperature in loue: beſides
It would diſable the Venetian power
Not to make good his chalenge: I dare not.

Ferr. Why ſhe is mine by promiſe.

Ven. I grant, that *Borgias* her vncle and Protector
Promiſd you that which he cannot performe.

But

But know *Ferrara* that my claime takes roote
And growes vpon the promise of the state,
I by the Senate was assur'd her loue,
And on that ground the justice of my cause
Pleades. Thus in armes against the citty walls.
Ferr. Herein you erre: for know the Florentine
Dying a Prince powerfull and absolute
(Not countermaunded by a popular voice
Or by th'ambitious factions of a senate)
Leaues the Protector in his daughters nonage
Free like himselfe, and absolute: of power
To promise and performe: on his assurance
Liues my loues right: then were you both
Direct opposers of what I claime, by heauen
And by that influence that made me great
I would persue my chalenge through your b'oods.
Ven. Giue not such passage to your heate my Lord.
Ferr. Then giue my power a passage to my Loue.
Ven. That I demaund of you.
Ferr. And I commaund:
That without stay you raise your powers
And leaue this citties siedge vnto our armes,
Or what we aimd at them we'le turne on you.
Ven. Although your power were equall with your pride
I would dare stay *Ferrara*, and proclaime
Thy title weake, thy claime litigious:
Mine onely iust, apprant, righteous.
Yet let not fury so impeach our wisdomes
To iar for her another doth possesse,
And makes our follies laughter to our foes:
Will then *Ferrara* make his passions subiect
To an indifferency that I shall propound?
Ferr. If the indifferency you shall propound
Deuides not me from *Iulia*.
Ven. She's the maine claime of both our armed loues.
Ferr. And without her ther's no indifferency.

Ven. Yare friuilous:
Why know *Ferrara* thy prerogatiue
Extends no further then thy ſword can reach:
Then when thy conqueſts hath confirmd thy will
Thou maieſt capitulate with rude commaunds.
Till when proud Prince, ſtoupe at imperious chances:
For did no other title then my ſword
Make my claime righteous, yet the doubtfull lot
Caſt on the ends of warre, caries my fate
Euen with thy pride: the Lady as mine owne
To ſhew an eminence that o're lookes thy hope,
I chalendge and auerre the right of warre
Due to my ſword.

Ferr. Vnſheath it then

Ven. Yes at thy boſome. *Sound Cornets: they ſtay.*

Ferr. What meanes this ſuddaine parley from the walls?

Iul. What are the Dukes at oddes?

Am. Harke Madam from the walls *Sound againe.*
A ſuddaine parley ſpeakes vnto the Dukes

Iul. Was that that ſtaid their ſwords.

Ama. I would faine haue ſeene,
how like *Eſops* warriour they could haue fought,
For that a third carries away.
Some new deuiſe of pollicie hath cauſd
This vnexpected change not long ſince
It was reſolu'd in counſell to maintaine
The ſiege againſt the hotteſt oppoſition.

Iul. Did I not thinke my fortunes ebbe at loweſt
It might amaze me.

Ama. My libertie
May ſoone giue notice to you: then let's away;
A ſunne may riſe to mak't a happy day. *Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter aloft Borgias and the Senate.

Ven. To whom ſpeakes *Borgias*?

Bor. Dukes to you both.
The preſent and vnlookt for cauſe of griefe,
That now hath tooke poſſeſſion on our breaſts,
Cuts off the feeling of all outward feare:
Our priuate griefes were deſperate: did there not
A publike care of others burden vs
We thinke you wrongd, I and the Senate here,
Cauſes of both the nonſuites of your loues,
Appeale vnto remiſſion.

Ferr. But whether bends your far-fetcht Oratory?
Reſtore the Lady vnto me: and on my honours pawne
Ile free your Citty from the armes of *Venice*.

Ven. Senate, and you on whoſe authority,
And pawne of honor I engagde my loue,
Slau'd my affections, and did proſtitute
The freedome of my ſoule to *Iulia*:
Slight not your wiſedomes and your worths in counſell,
To ſerue the ends of hidden pollicie:
Make good your words engagde, and as I liue
A Prince vnſtainde in honor, I will free
Your Citty from *Ferraras* hotteſt fury.

Borg. Alas my gratious and renowned Lords,
I grieue to ſee your paſſions,
Emptied of th'obiects that they wrought vpon:
I am the Embaſſador of heauy newes,
To you I am ſure as heauy as to vs.

Ven. Speake it.

Borg. O it doth preſſe the Organs of my ſpeech,
And like a lethargie doth numbe thoſe motions
ſhould giue it vtterance,

Ferra. Hold the Protector there from falling.

Some ſtanders by helpe to vnlaide his burthen,
The Camell elſe will ſinke downe vnder it.
Borg. Scoſſe not my gratious Prince: the griefe I feele
Will be as heauy on thy now light head,
As tis on mine: the Lady whom you loue———
Ferr. Why what of her?
Ven. Where is ſhe? ſpeake?
Borg. Singing with Angels in the quire of heauen,
The Requiem of ſaints.
Ferr. Shee's dead!
Ven. Shee's dead!
Borg I Lords vnto your loues.
Ven. O my loues hard fate.
Ferr. Dead.
Borg. And now my Lords, ſeeing that ſhe is dead,
For whome you raiſd theſe armes againſt our walls,
I hope your furious angers liue no longer.
Ferr. We are appeaſd: *Venice* I thus ſalute thee,
and reconcile my fury in thy armes.
S'death dead?
Ven. Diſcend Protector, with her out armes are dead.
Ferr. I am amazd: poſſeſſe me patience, *Diſcend.*
Credulity *Ferrara* is a vertue,
I beleeue it: *Borgias:* oh my ſpleene,
That he ſhould thinke me ſo rediculous,
To faſten any faith on pollicie,
The ſtatelieſt generall prop is iealouſie,
On all men and their actions: I know it not.
Ven. Should I thinke her murdred, or that ſhe ſtill doth liue?
And feed: ſome hope by deeming him a villaine,
That ſooths this ſorrowfull newes into our eares?
I might herein ſeeme politicke, and nurſe
Some miſchiefe in my boſome for reuenge,
Of that wherein I but ſuſpect a wrong.
The trickes of ſtate-moules that worke vnder Princes.
Are at the beſt, but like the vipers young,

That

That how-ſo-ere prodigious and hurtfull,
To many open and ſecure paſſengers,
Yet doe they neuer liue without the death
Of him that firſt gaue motion to their breath.
This keepes me honeſt ſtill, the heauens and fate
Are the beſt guardians to a wronged ſtate.

A ſhort flourish.

Enter Borgias and the Senate.

Borg. Laying aſide all feare of what you may,
Thus to your powers we doe expoſe our liues,
Your wrongs we doe confeſſe might ſpeake reuenge
Did not the flood of ſudden griefe, take vp
All paſſion in it ſelfe: ſpeake mighty Dukes,
Liues *Florence* in your loues: with *Iulias* death
Dies the memoriall of your former wrongs?

Ven. I forget them all.

Ferr. I take no pleaſure in reuenge.

Borg. Then are our Citty gates ope to your loues,
And beg a fauour due vnto the dead:
This night the funerall hearſe of *Iulia*,
(I know that name is deere vnto you both)
Returnes againe to her creation.
This night the rauenous mother of the world,
(The all corrupting earth that eates her young)
Swalloweth the body of your *Iulia*,
This night ſhe takes a farwell of vs all:
Then let it be a witneſſe of your loues,
To giue her hearſe an honor with your preſence.

Ferr. Should we not graunt this, we might be taxt
Of much diſhonor.

Ven. I were not worthy that it ſhould be ſaid
I leuyed armes for loue of *Iulia*,
Should I deny my preſence at her hearſe.

Borg. My loue, the neere alliance to her blood.

The deere remembrance of my Soueraigne dead,
Whoſe loue committed her vnto my care,
Makes me accept this honor done to me:
And I ſtand bound in bonds of gratitude
To both your princely worths: in lieu of which,
Let my emboldned weakeneſſe mighty Lords,
Preſume t'inuite you to a funerall ſupper,
A banquet forc'd by ceremonies cuſtome,
As a due obſequy.

Ven. The loue of *Iulia*
Exacts from me all rights of cuſtome.

Ferr. I yeelde my preſence.

Borg. Your guards ſhall be my honor for this night,
Your ſeuerall armies during your ſtay in *Florence*,
Shall be maintained at our Cities charge,
In recompenſe of my loue to *Iulia*.

Ven. We thanke you.

Borg. Nor giue we expectation of proud pompe,
Of ſhewes, or Pageants, for your entertainment:
Our bels ring forth our ſorrowes in ſad peales,
No pleaſant changes to giue Princes welcome,
Our Churches ſtand not garniſhed with pictures,
To pleaſe deuoted ſuperſtition with,
But mourne in blacke. Our Church men leaue
Their chanting Antheams, and their dayly Maſſe,
To ſing continually requiems to her ſoule.
Sorrow ſits ſad and weeping in our ſtreetes,
All eyes are wet with teares, ſaue thoſe where griefe
Hath dryed all moiſture vp. Our ſucking infants
Are pale and leane with hanging on the breaſts,
Of griefe-ſpent mothers: If theſe may welcome you,
Wee'l giue you prodigall welcome to our Citty.

Ven. Such welcome fits the death of *Iulia*.

Ferr. So ſhould all mourne and weepe for *Iulia*.

Borg. So doe we mourne and weepe for *Iulia*.

Lead

Lead on vnto the Citty: how ſlow pac'd is ſorrow!
Griefe is a Tortoyſe to the nimble ſence,
And chils their motions, the officers of loue,
Line at our funerall, and in death doe moone. *Exeunt*

Sæna ſecunda.

Enter Amada, & Eunuchus.

Ama. *Eunuchus?*
Eunu. Madam.
Ama. What ſolemnitie is that the Citty celebrates?
Eunu. The Dukes of Venice and Ferrara,
Are with your father entred the wals
Vnto the funerals of *Iulia*.
Ama. Why, is *Iulia* dead?
Eunu. I hope your Ladiſhip ——
Ama. I cry thee mercy: the remembrance of her
Makes me ſtill thinke ſhe liues.
And thats the cauſe they parleyed on the wals.
Eunu. True Madam.
Ama. Remoue a while.
Eunu. At your ſeruice Lady. *ſtand aſide.*
Ama. *Iulia* giuen out for dead,
And liue in durance at my fathers will?
Tis ſtrange: the Dukes inuited to her funerall.
More mists of pol'icie? O ſimplicity
The clue of reaſon, cannot guide the fate,
Of this *Dedalion* maze: wer't not prophane
In me to queſtion nature for my birth,
And quarrell with my ſtarres for being daughter
To him whom I ſuſpect to be a villaine:
Some inſpiration of religious thoughts,
Make nature leſſe in me, and beare my duty
Euen with his awe whoſe vncontrould commaund,
Frees our obedience from our impious parents.

My father *Borgias* left in charge with me,
That I ſhould keepe faire *Iulia*: I am her Iaylor,
To whome, both he and I doe owe allegiance.
Diſtracted duty, how ſhould I beſtow thee?
On the right owner, juſtice I adore thee.

Enter Borgias.

Borg. *Amada.*
Ama. My loue and duty.
Borg. Alone?
Ama. My mothers Eunuch:
Borg. How fares *Iulia?*
Ama. Liues as you commaunded, vnſeene & priuate.
Borg. Thy mothers dead.
Ama. Defend it heauens!
Borg. Dead: no more: *Eunuchus?*
Eunu. My loue and ſeruice.
Borg. You gaue it our laſt night as I commaunded
Timoclea my wife was ſicke.
Eunu. I did and't like your grace.
Borg. When ſets the Sunne?
Eunu. Some ſix houres hence.
Borg. To night will be to ſoone: to morrow morning
Rumour't about the Citty, my wife is dead,
Say abroad ſhe is dead.
Eunu. It ſhall be done.
Borg. So ſhall thy duty keepe me bound to thee.
Amada: ſomething more I haue to ſay,
Prepare for marriage.
Ama. For marriage?
Borg. Queſtion me not, thou muſt be married,
Mulleaſſes is thy husband, my word hath ſealed it.
Be ſtill my *Argus*, and keepe *Iulia.*
Death to my ſoule, *Eunuchus*
Canſt thou vnknowne (to any ſaue thy ſelfe)
Poyſon a groome to ſtuffe a coffin with?
Eunu. I can to pleaſe your Lordſhip:

Borg. O,

Borg. O thou ſhalt pleaſe vs highly, I haue great vſe
Of ſuch a thing, I prethee doe it:
My wife laſt night was poyſoned, her body
The world beleeues is *Iulia*, ſuppoſed dead.
Now for the ſecond funerall of my wife.
Her coffin muſt be fild vp with ſome ſlaue,
He ſhall be honord princely to his graue.
The funerall ſtaies my preſence: *Amada*
See to my *Iulia*, if *Mulleaſſes* mooue,
Be kinde and gentle to his proffered loue. *Exit Borgias.*

Ima. Heeres a diſtracted laborinth of wit,
Iulia a liue, and yet her funerall kept:
My mother dead and neuer ſicke: tis true:
To many, death is ſuddaine and vnlookt for:
So'twas to her: and in the midſt of death,
I muſt be married: death take me to,
Let me not liue to ſee thoſe tapers burne,
That lead me to his bed: wher's ſanctity?
Religion is the fooles bridle, worne by pollicy:
As horſe weare trappers to ſeeme faire in ſhew,
And makes the worlds eye dote on what we ſeeme.
Be ſilent yet for duty ſtops thy mouth,
Ile into *Iulia*, tis ſhe and I,
That muſt be *Chorus* in this Tragedy. *Exit Amada.*

Eunu. How ſo'ere my fortunes make me now a ſlaue
I was a free borne Chriſtians ſonne in *Cyprus*,
When Famogusta by the Turke was ſackt:
In the deuiſion of which Citty ſpoiles,
My fortune fell to *Mulleaſſes* lot:
Nor was it Tyranny enough that I was Captiue,
My parents robd of me, and I of them,
But they wrongd nature in me, made me an Eunuch,
Diſabled of thoſe maſculine functions,
Due from our ſex: and thus ſubiected,
Theſe ſixteene yeares vnto the vilde commaund,
Of an imperious Turke, I now am giuen

To ſerue the hidden ſecrets of his luſt,
Vnto *Timoclea*, the wife of *Borgias*,
Whoſe priuate mixtures I am guilty off:
Betwixt theſe three I ſtand as in a maze,
In eg'd to all theire ſinnes, and made a baud
To luſt and murder: *Mulleaſſes* firſt
Giues me vnto *Timoclea*, that without ſuſpect
I might procure their loues ſecurity:
For which they promiſe me my liberty.
But *Borgias* whether iealous of his wife,
Or reaching at ſome further pollicy:
Bindes me with golden offers to his truſt,
And firſt commaunds me rumor it abroad
Timoclea his wife was ſicke, when at that inſtant
She was in health and dauncing with the Turke.
Now I muſt ſecond that report with death,
And ſay abroad *Timoclea* is dead:
Short warning for a iourney vnto heauen:
But (which amazeth moſt) I muſt prouide
The body of ſome groome to ſtop a coffin with.
This is a riddle of ſome Sphinx, let *Oedipus*
Vnfold the meaning: I leaue it to th'euent,
And thinke moſt ſafety in not knowing it.
I muſt prouide ſome groome, thats my commaund.
Proſper me Saturne, and thoſe ſtarres of ſinne,
Whoſe influence makes villaines fortunate,
He kils by law that kils men for a ſtate.

Enter Bordello & Pantofle his Page.

But who comes here my ſpruce he-letcher
That makes his boy ſaue him the charges of a bawdy houſe,
Fore *Mahomet* an excellent fellow for my Lords coffin:
Aſſiſt me power of wit.
Bord. Pantofle.

Pan. A

Pan. At your pleaſure ſir?

Bord. Thou haſt beene at my pleaſure indeed *Pantofle*, I will retreate into the country, hate this amorous Cours, and betake my ſelfe to obſcurity: I tell thee boy I will returne by this *Cir-cyan* Iſle without tranſformation ſince *Hebe* hath diſcouered her ſecrets I will turne *Iupiter*, hate the whole ſexe of women, and onely embrace thee my *Gammede*.

Pan. Sfoot ſir you are as paſſionate for the diſloyalty of your Sempſtreſſe, as ſome needy Knight wold be for the loſſe of ſome rich magnificos widdow: doe you not ſee how the ſupporters of the Court, the Lady of the labby gape after your good parts like ſo many grigges after freſh water, and can you withold the dew of your moiſter element?

Bord. I tell thee ſhould the Lady *Iulia* when ſhe was a liue haue proferred me her cheeke to kiſſe, I would not haue bowed to that painted image for her whole Dukedome: *Mercury* had no good aſpect in the horoſcope of my natiuity: women & lotium are recipioeall, their fauour is noyſome.

Enn. Why her's a ſlaue in folio will ſeeme to ſlight the loue of a Princeſſe, when he would willingly ſpend his talent on an oyſter wife.

Borg. Sirra *Pantofle* truſſe vp my wardrobe: but withal publiſh my departure, I would willingly put my creditors to the chardge of garding me out of towne.

Pan. It will much ſcandalize your reputation for to depart indebted: you will be curſed heauily.

Bord. To depart indebted boy, is the onely way to be praid for, ſeeing they know it is my proſperity and welfare that muſt make them ſatisfaction.

Ennn. Before heauen an excellent reaſon.

Pan. Pray ſir make euen with your Taylor, for he is verie poore,

Bord. Moſt willingly, for I am not poſſeſt of a pennikin, and if he be not before with me, I take it we are euen, & may walke in campage, *Pantofle* vaniſh.

Pant. I goe ſir.

Eunu. I haue it, thankes ſweete *Thalia*, thou haſt begot a child of mirth in my braine, I will put it to this creature of Florence to nurſe: ſancy Seignior.

Borg. Eunuchus, Venus reſtore thee to thy generation: what doings are now in your quarters?

Eunu. Doings: in faith courtly and weake: Cupid helpe the poore Ladyes.

Borg. you are aboue me, I meane not their ingenys or vpper galleries.

Eun. Nor I neither: & yet I ſpeake of their vnderſtandings, which by reaſon of a generall ſpring, halt and debility in their hamms (heauens know) are moſt falteringly feeble: but to preſent the meſſage I am ſent for: to your worthieſt ſelfe, from my Lady and maiſtreſſe the protectors wife: you are intelligent?

Borg. The beauteous *Timoclea*.

Eunu. Heauens grant ſhe may haue the vertue of attraction: for ſhe hath laide open, the luſter of her beſt parts to your grace Sir: nay make not retreate ſir: ſhe knowes you diſdaine her loue.

Borg. The truth is I am earthly, and like not to participate with the element of the fire: good *Eunuchus* commend me to your Lady, and tell her by importuning my affection, ſhe ſeekes the fall of an innocent.

Eunu. True Sir, but with a firme beleefe of your riſing againe.

Borg. I ſee no hope of it.

Eunu. The harder is her fortune: but heare me, me thinkes reward ſhould pricke you on with more courage, to ſuch an honorable encounter.

Borg. Faith *Eunuch* I haue made a vow not to vncaſe my ſelfe to any of that ſexe.

Eunu. It may be you grounded your oath vpon the vncleanes of your ſhirt.

Borg. Verily ſince the relapſe of my Sempſtreſſe, I haue not addicted my ſelfe to that neat & cleanly carriage.

Eun. Sfoot

Eun. Sfoot I thought ſome foule cauſe or other, interpoſed it ſelfe twixt you and my Lady: But ſir, ile ſee all wants ſupplied, thy debts ſatisfied, thy fortunes eternally mounted: onely bee tractable to my poore loue-ſicke Lady and miſtreſſe, iuſt and louing.

Borg. As I am, ſo fates aſſiſt me: & *Eunuchus* heer's my hand thou ſhalt haue ample ſhare in my fortunes.

Eun. By this hand ſir but I will not: doe not faile ſir at eight of the clocke to meet me here, where ile deliuer you the key of my Ladyes chamber: with further inſtructions in the buſineſſe, and with aſſuredneſſe of preferment and promotion.

Borg. Deere *Eunuch* let me hugge thee: how I long to manifeſt thy ſeruice to my Lady *Timoclea*.
You will meete?

Eun. My hand and promiſe for it.

Borg. It ſhall ſuffice,
By women man firſt fell, by them Ile riſe. *Exit.*

Eun. Ha ha ha: Protector here's a ſlaue
Shall ſtuffe thy coffin: him thou ſhalt ſacrifice
Vnto *Timocleas* ghoſt, whoſe humorous ſoule
Shall in his paſſage ouer *Acheron*
Make *Charon* laugh, and the ſterne judge of hell
Smile at his folly: this is the fatall key
Conducts him to thoſe ſhades by *Borgias* hand:
Thus fooles muſt fall, that wiſe men firme may ſtand.

Scæna. 3.

Enter a Friar, after him a funerall in white, and bearers in white, after them Borgias, then the two Dukes, after them the Senate. &c.

A ſolemne march.

Borg. SEt downe that heauy load of miſery,
SO would the eaſing you, might eaſe my heart!

Pure

Pure virgin hearke: O let it not impeach
The grauity of age to let ſome teares
Fall at thy funerall: true relique of that loue
I did inherit from thy fathers mouth,
When to my charge he left his heire and Dukedome
In thee I am depriu'd of all that honour
I ſhould haue purchaſ'd by that thankefull care
Was due vnto thy fathers memorie:
Did not my griefe load all my powers of ſpeech,
Oh I could ſpend my age in commenting
Of thoſe true vertues died with him and thee,
But ſorrow ſhuts my breſt: Friar, thine office.

Fri. By that great power is giuen to mee
The gates of heauen I ope to thee,
When mongſt the Angells thou ſhalt ſing
The ſong of ſaints before a King,
That ſits for euer on his throne,
And giueth light to euery one:
To him thy ſoule we doe bequeath,
Thy body to the earth beneath:
And ſo we cloſe thy tombe againe,
And pray thy ſoule be free from paine.

Ver. Looke from thy holy manſion ſacred maid
And ſee how proſtrae I adore thy bliſſe:
Theſe armes in hope of conqueſt of thy loue
That rould themſelues in ſteele, ſhall claſpe the aire,
And in their empty foldings liue ſtill barren
Of all the comfort my youths hope did promiſe.
And ſince thy death takes my loues ioy from me,
Ile die a virgin-ſaint and liue with thee.

For. I cannot vent my breſt in loue ſicke tearmes,
Nor call to record all the gods of loue
For my integrity: nor proſtitute,
An oyly paſſion curiouſly compoſd
Of riming numbers at my miſtres hearſe:
Or tell her dead truncke my true loue in vearſe:

But ſince by death her loue I am denied,
To ſay I lou'd her is *Ferraraes* pride.
Borg. My honour, and that weake ability
Our ſtate affoords, to doe your graces ſeruice,
Lies at your princely feete, for this your loue
Done to the dead: now is *Iulia* ſhut
For euer from your eies: ſaue that ſhe liues
Like a pure relique of ſome holy Saint,
Shrind in our breaſts for euer: let me now renew
My firſt requeſt, to ſup with vs to night,
A ceremony due at funerals,
So ſhall you double honour vnto me,
In doing double honour vnto her.
Ven. Ile doe all honour both to her and you.
Ferr. Ile breake no cuſtome.
Borg. I humbly thanke your graces, pleaſe you lead?
Heere liues alaſting memory of the dead. *Exeunt.*

A ſolemne march.

Manet Borgias.

Thus farre my pioning pollicies run euen,
And leuell with my aimes: *Iulia* liues,
And in her hearſe *Timoclea* my wife,
Deludes the credulous Dukes: poyſoned laſt night
By *Mulleaſſes*, to make way for me,
To marry *Iulia* my brothers daughter
For which the Cardinall of *Anion*, my kinſeman
Sollicites daily with his holineſſe,
For diſpenſation with our bloods alliance:
As for theſe weake men, whoſe purſuits in loue,
Dies with my ſtrong averring of her death,
I can commaund their liues, and then maintaine
My actions with the ſword: for which the Turke
By *Mulleaſſes* made vnto my purpoſe,
Offers me forty thouſand Ianiſaries
To be my guard, gainſt forraigne outrages:
And more: hee'le make me king of Italy.

To giue him but commaund vpon the ſtreights,
And land his force on this ſide Chriſtendome
And I will doe it: on my faith to God
And loyaltie I owe vnto the ſtarres,
Should their depend all Europe and the ſtates
Chriſtened thereon: Ide ſinke them all,
To gaine thoſe ends I haue propoſd my aimes,
Religion (thou that ridſt the backe of ſlaues
Into weake mindes inſinuating feare
And ſuperſtitious cowardneſſe) thou robſt
Man of his c..iefe bliſſe by bewitching reaſon.
Nature at theſe my browes bend· thy miſteries
Wrought by thine owne hands in our actiue braines
Giue vs the vſe of good, thou art my God,
If what I haue of thee, or wit or art,
Or Serpent ſliding through the mindes of men,
Cunning confuſion of all obſtacles,
Be they my childrens liues, my deereſt friends
May gaine me what I wiſh, I ſtoope at thy renowne,
And thinke al's *vacuum* aboue a crowne,
For they that haue the ſouereignty of things,
Doe know no God at all, are none but Kings. *Exit.*

Finis Actus Primi.

Actus 2. Scæna 1.

Mulleaſſes ſolus.

Mull. ETernall ſubſtitute to the firſt that mou'd
And gaue the Chaos forme. Thou at whoſe nod
Whole Nations ſtood or fell, and hould thee ſtill a God:
Whoſe holy-cuſtomd-ceremonious rites,
Liue vnprophand in our poſterity:
Thou God of *Mecha*, mighty *Mahomet*,
Thus *Mulleaſſes* at thy memory

Diſcends:

Diſcends: accept his prone humility,
Great Prophet: let thy influence be free
Vncheckt by danger: mew not vp my ſoule,
In the pent roome of conſcience:
Make me not morall *Mahomet*, coopt vp
And fettered in the fooles Phyloſophy,
That points our actions vnto honeſty.
Giue my plots fortune: let my hope but touch
The marke I aime at: then the gazing time
Shall in the preſent hide my former ill
Succeſſe like *Iethe* to the ſoules in bliſſe
Makes men forget things paſt and crownes our ſins
With name of valour, be we impious:
A Scelus felix ſtiles vs vertuous.

Enter Eunuchus.

Eunu. My honourd Lord.
Mull. What diuell interrupts me?
Eunu. My duty.
Mull. Your duty is too dilligent that dares
Peere into my retreates: now ſhould I kill thee.
Eunu. The Lord Protector *Borgias* my maiſter ——
Mull. Age and diſeaſes breed conſumptions
And rot him. What craues he?
Eunu. Your inſtant preſence.
Mull. I haue inſtant buſineſſe whoſe high import
Detaines my ſpeed: know you the matter?
Eunu. A tumult 'mongſt the fearfull multitude,
Cauſd by an ominous terrour in the heauens,
Is as I geſſe the ofreaſon your want.
Mull. What heauens? what terror?
Eunu. The Sun on ſuddaine feeles a darke eclipſe:
And hides his ſiluer face behinde the moone,
As loath to ſee ſome prodegies appeare.
Mull. Make that eccliplſe eternall *Mahomet*.

Riſe, riſe ye miſty-footed Iades of night,
Draw your darke miſtreſſe with her ſable vayle,
Like a blacke *Negro* in an Ebone chaire,
Athwart the worlds eie: from your foggy breaths
Hurle an Egyptian groſſenes through the ayre,
That none may ſee my plots: Haſt any greater newes?
Eunu. The daies eies out, a thouſand little ſtarres
Spread like ſo many torches, bout the skie,
Make the world ſhew like Churches hung with blacke,
And ſet with tapers at ſome funerall:
Amongſt theſe ſtarres directly from the Eaſt,
A firy meteor points a burning rod
At *Florence*.
Mul. Perhaps tis thirſty for the blood of Princes,
Blaſe out prodigious ſtarre, and let the fire
Dart ſoule amazing terror to all eies:
Be like the Baſiliske fatall to behould:
Ile fat the ſlimmy earth more then the plague,
And from her boſome ſend the blood of Kings
Stil'd into oyly vapours borne on high,
To expiate thoſe flames that elſe would die.
Eunu. What anſwer ſhall I returne vnto my Lord?
Mul. That I will ſee him preſently, be gone: *Borgias*,
Thou art no tutord pollitition *Exit Eunuch:*
To lay another in thy boſome.
Know a ſtate-villaine muſt be like the winde,
That flies vnſeene yet lift., an Ocean
Into a mountaines height. That on the ſands
Whole Nauies may be ſplit in their diſcent.
I ſtand aboue thee, and as from a rocke
Whoſe eminence out ſwels the raging flood,
See thy hopes ſhipwrackt: O credulity,
Securities blinde nurſe: the dreame of fooles:
The drunkards Ape, that feeling for his way
Euen when he thinkes in his deluded fence,
To ſnatch at ſafety, fals without defence.

Twice

Twiſe hath the *Nemean* Lyon breathd forth fire,
And made the ſcalded dogge-ſtar pant with heate.
Twiſe the daies plannet through the burning ſignes
Hurred his fiery chariot ſince the time
I came to Florence in exchange for *Iulio*.
The ſonne of *Borgias*, here to learne the tongues,
The faſhions and the Arts of Chriſtendome:
Now by my ſlie and affable intruſion
I am made intimate with *Borgias*:
He thinkes my thoughts are Oſiars to be wrought
In any forme: the Dukes (that claimd
The loue of *Iulia*) he hath deluded
By a fain'd rumor of a ſuddaine death:
Her he detaines vntill he fits his time
By murder of the Dukes to be ſecure,
In his owne power to decke his marriage:
Timoclea his wife (the death of all his plots
If ſhe ſuruiues) he now beleeues is dead
Poyſond by me: in liew of which he grants
His daughter *Amada* to me for wife:
As if my hopes flew not ſo high as his:
Now to ſecure my flight and make my wings
Stronger then his that melted in the Sun,
His wife *Timoclea* lies within this tombe
Made ſeeming line-leſſe by a ſleepy iuyce
Infuſ'd in ſtead of poyſon in her cup:
Here I muſt wake her, and in her ſtir vp
Reuenge againſt *Borgias*.
Image of death and daughter of the night,
Siſter to *Lethe* all oppreſſing ſleepe,
Thou that amongſt a hundred thouſand dreames
Crownd with a wreath of mandrakes ſitſt as Queene,
To whome a million of care-clogged ſoules,
Lye quaffing iuyce of Poppy at thy feete,
Reſigne thy vſurpation, and diſlodge,
Hang on the eies of ſloth and make them ſleepe

Whoſe hearts are heauy, or whoſe ſorrowes weepe
Giue way to motion: and thou whoſe blood
Stands in thy full vaines like a charmed floud
Receiue the ayre againe: ſuruiue his hate
That on thy graue againe, climbes high to reach his fate.

Timoclea riſeth in her tombe.

Timo. Who ſpeakes ſo lowd
Mull. He that ſpeakes life *Timoclea*.
Timo. You wake me.
Mull. Such power I chalenge Lady in my voice,
To wake you from your graue.
Timo. Where am I?
Mull. In your graue.
Timo. Hah, my graue.
Mull. Be not amaſed Madam: you are ſafe.
Timo. Who ſpeakes vnto me? oh forbeare:
I am not for your preſence: ſee my bed
Lyes much vnſeemely: who attends me there?
What meanes this impudent intruſion?
Mull. Take time to your amazement: know where you are
Tis *Mulleaſſes* ſpeakes to you: him you once lou'd:
Tis not now time to feare.
Timo. I know your face, and yet I know your being
Giues cauſe of feare.
Mull. Giue your ſelfe to me, and on thoſe rites
Due to the ſweets of loue, here is no daunger.
Timo. Accept me in your armes.
Mull. See where you are, know you this place?
Timo. Some Church I thinke.
Mull. And theſe the Trophyes of your Anceſtours:
This is the buriall common to your blood.
Timo. Oh free me from amazement, what ſtrange accident
Brought me ſo neere my death? I am now my ſelfe,
And truely capable of a diſcourſe.
Mull. Then know Madam your life hath bene purſued,
And my ſelfe oribed, to be your poyſoner,

But

But that my loue turnd death vnto a ſleepe,
And brought you thus a liue vnto your graue:
Timo. Say on my deereſt Lord, who brib'd thy loue?
What bai bariſme, or what deſert of mine
Mou'd this attempt againſt my life?
Mull. My ſoule durſt iuſtifie your innocence,
But that diſeaſe that bred in Paradiſe,
Swels like the Preſters poyſon in our vaines
(To which all men are heires ambiton)
Deſire to be like God: t'was that corruption
Gaue me occaſion thus to ſhew my loue
On your liues ſafety.
Timo. My loue, and life are thine: ſpeake onely.
What breſt could ſo cruelly ambitious?
Whoſe honor or whoſe fortunes could my life
Ecclipſe or darken?
Mull. Firſt Madam you muſt ſweare,
By life, by loue, and by that hapineſſe
Your ſoule aſſures you in the faith you hold
With me, this night to proſecute reuenge
On your liues enemy.
Timo. By life, by loue, and by that happineſſe,
My ſoule aſſures me in the faith I hold,
By that which bindes me more, by this *kiſſe him.*
I ſweare this night to proſecute reuenge
On my liues enemy.
Mul. Enough: thy reſolution like a fire,
Makes my warme blood boyle: *Borgias.*
Timo. My husband.
Mull. Your husband: ſtart not Lady,
Twas he that by a promiſe of your daughter
The faireſt *Amada* to me for wife
Made my tongue ſay, that I would poyſon you:
Silence deere Lady: choke all paſſion,
And femenine complaints in thoughts of vengeance.

Forget

Forget you are a woman: and belike your wronge
Full ſwolne with death: let your inuentiue braines
Carry more fate in their conception,
Then *Hecubas* wombe to Troy: my plots are yours,
Are you reuengefull?

Tim. As full of jealouſie: or the wife of *Iaſon*:
Rob'd by the faire Corinthian of her loue.

Mul. Then thus we ſeale our reſolution———— *kiſſe*
Thus I aſcend, and from proud fortunes wheele,
Pull my owne fate: forgiueneſſe *Mahomet*
My hopes make me prophane; and my proud thoughts
Vſurpe aboue thy greatneſſe: Apprehenſion?
Thou that giueſt food vnto the ſoule of man,
The beſt companion to relieue the minde.
What ſweete ſuggeſtions of my future bliſſe
Haue I from thee? O I am tranſported
Beyond the power of reaſon: the preſent time
Craues a more ſober temper, Madam this diſguiſe
Muſt carry you vnknowne vnto my chamber
Where we haue much to doe: releaſe your thoughts
Giue freedome to thoſe faculties of nature,
That made your ſexe firſt dare to reach at pleaſure.
Be proud and luſtfull, let ambition ſway
,The power of action in you: murder and blood
,Are the two pillars of a States-mans good. *Exeunt.*

Scæna 2.

Borgias ſolus.

Borg. A Pollititian Protens-like muſt alter
His face and habit, and like water ſeeme
Of the ſame colour that the veſſell is
That doth containe it, varying his forme
With the Cameleon at each obiects change.
Twice like a Serpent haue I caſt my skin,

Once

Once when with mourning ſighs I wept for *Iulia*,
And made the two Dukes weepe for *Iulia*,
That coat is caſt now like an Amoriſt,
I come in louing tearmes to court my *Iulia*,
And ſeeme a louer: but of all ſhapes
This fits me worſt: whoſe conſtellation
Stampt in my rugged brow the ſignes of death,
Enuy and ruine: ſtrong Antipathyes
Gainſt loue and pleaſure: yet muſt my tongue
With paſſionate oathes and proteſtations,
With ſighes, ſmooth glances, and officious tearmes,
Spread artificiall miſts before the eies
Of credulous ſimplicity: he that will be high,
Muſt be a Paraſite, to fawne and lye.

Enter Amada.

Amada.

Ama. Your pleaſure.

Borg. How ſtand your thoughts affected to the marriage
I lately did acquaint you with, are you reſolu'd?

Ama. I am: Rather to die then liue to ſee that houre *aſide.*

Borg. I would ſee *Iulia.*, pray her company?

Ama. I will. *Exit Amada.*

Enter Mulleaſſes.

Borg. Your preſence is moſt welcome:

Mull. What buſineſſe of import?

Borg. Nought for the inſtant but a wooing ſceane,
Prepare your wit my Lord to fight with words.
The Champions ſtreight approach, but two to two.

Enter Iulia and Amada.

Borgias courts Iulia, and Mulleaſſes Amada, glancing his eye on Iulia.

Mull. My lou'd deere Lady.
Borg. Beautuous Madam.
Mull. Faire as the morning.
Borg. Be as thy beauty ſeemes, propotious, louing.
Mull. Attractiue Sunſhine: all affections mouing.
Borg. More then a ſubiect, and more humble bent.
Iul. How ſupple ſeemes ambition? Vncle y'ar too low:
Mull. Deuineſt faire to whome all hearts ſhould bow.
Ama. Fit attributes for heauen, my Lord, my feature
Is but earthmould, the weake frame of nature.
Mull. Yet grac't with heauenly vertue, it ſeemes diuine
Borg. I know your lights aboue me, yet let it ſhine
Like the daies beauty on the lowly plaines.
Iul. Subiects are no fit loues for Soueraignes.
Borg. High comets from the earth draw vp the nurture.
Iul. Yet from the Sunne true ſtarres haue all their luſtre.
Mull. True ſtarre on earth:
Ama. You flatter, pray'forbeare.
Borg. Loue Madam is importunate, you muſt heare:
Your niceneſſe makes me be abrupt: I loue
And muſt enioy you.
Mull. Hell to my loue: *Borgias* Ile preuent you.
Iul. I muſt be plaine: loue you me my Lord?
Borg. I by that power that made me.
Iul. Reſtore then that, that you haue robd me of,
My honor and my life: for I am dead,
So thought of in the world: giue me what I am:
Returne the title due vnto my birth
Dutcheſſe of Florence, and thy Soueraigne.

Make

Make me as free as I was borne, and giue my loue
The liberty of nature: then ſhall I beleeue
And thinke you loue me.

Borg. I will reſtore your honours and your life,
I will returne the duties of your birth:
Dutcheſſe of Florence and my Soueraigne,
The Soueraigne of my heart: and kneele to you,
And make my thoughts as humble as my knees:
See: I am not ambitious, tis not a crowne
The gorgeous title of a Soueraigne,
Makes me ſo euill in your thoughts: the poize of loue
Whome ſome terme light, and giues him wings
To ſoare aloft in me is but the ſame
And makes me ſtoope thus low to *Iulia*.

Iulia. Vncle I am a ſham'd that any blood of mine
Should harbor ſuch an inceſt: you haue an eaſier way
To gaine what you deſire: make good the ſame.
The world is now poſſeſt of: murther me,
Then are you heire to Florence: tis not halfe ſo ill,
As this inceſtuous mixture you ſo plead for,
Gainſt nature and the law of heauen: but on
Vſe your vſurped power, be ſtill a villaine:
My life is the vtmoſt, and you may commaund it,
But my bloods veſſell giuen vnto my ſoule,
As a pure manſion to inhabit in
Shall while I am and breath, be vnprophan'd.
Ile be more chaſte then *Lucrece*, dye vnſtaind.

Mull. You are a woman Lady, and will change:
The Protectot's at a nonſuit in his loue,
How now my Lord?

Borg. Thus croſt by ſuperſtitious obſtinacy,
Ile vſe the power I haue, and make —— How thriues your ſute?

Mull. Vnthriftily like yours: we are no Venus darlings,
No delight for women: ſhe cannot loue.

Borg. She cannot loue? your reaſon Lady
Is your blood holy? are you a ſanctuary,

That none may violate. What eaſe of conſcience
Keepes you vnprophand? know that religion
Bindes your obedience minion to my will,
Loue him or ile hate thee.
Ama. I tender vp the duty of a childe
And yeeld a fathers high prerogatiue
Ore what I am: yet for that affection
That you would haue me captiue in his breaſt,
Know it is priſoner at ſo deere a rate,
As all my ſtrength can no way ranſome it.
Borg. Ile vſe no rhethorique Lady to your eares:
But heare what I commaund, and doe my will,
Or thou ſhalt heare what will diſpleaſe thy will.
Mull. Be theſe the precepts Chriſtians giue their children.
Borg. But Madam for your loue.
Mull. I would forſake a God.
Borg. A more ſoft ſtile beſeemes a ſubiects tongue,
Ile be no higher then my ſelfe, and not commaund
Whats in my power. Will you reſigne your loue?
Iulia. I to that God that thou haſt ſo prophand,
Deteſted Atheiſt,
Borg. Be religious Madam ſtill and raile not,
Thinke of my honeſt ſute: and thinke what power
This hand doth gripe: we are troubleſome
And leaue you to your thoughts: theſe fits muſt end,
Trees are as eaſie broke that will not bend.
Exeunt at ſeuerall doores.

Scæna. 3.

Eunuchus ſolus.

Eun. THis is the houre I ſhould meet my *catamite Signior Bordella*: I cannot but laugh to ſee the ſlaue make a lecherous progres to Lucifer. The morall will hold rarely he ſhal haue his braines fly about his eares in the hight of his venery: this inſtead of going to *Timoclea* ſhall conduct him to the bed

bed of *Borgias*: amidſt whoſe walking plots & ſtate volutions, the amorous youth muſt needs be heartily welcome: for mine owne part, my hand ſhall be cleere from the blood of the goate: and yet I could account it happineſſe to be within eare ſhot of his departure, to heare how lamentably the coxcombe would ſigh out *Timoclea*: but the beſt is, neither Court nor Country will much miſſe the foole: there are elder brothers enough to ſupply his roome.

Enter Bordella.

And ſee where the Cocoloch appeares: he paſſeth as if he would ſteale to hell without company: whiſt Signeor.

Bord. Eunuchus?

Eunu. The ſame: now I ſee thou wilt ſtand to thy word.

Bord. Thy Ladie ſhall ſee that in my deeds *Eunuchus* if all the ſweete meates in Florence be prouocatiue.

Eunu. I ſir, but Ladies are of the nature of Idols and will be ſerued on your knees.

Bord. True, were I not a man of warre whoſe vallour and magnanimious courage is not to be deiected ſo long as his weapon holds.

Eunu. Then I perceiue you'l ſhortly be at my Ladies mercy.

Bord. If I ſhould, doubt not her gratious hand in my erection: but gentle *Eunuchus*, the key that opens to the *Via lactea*.

Eunu. Heere ſir, and looke your entrance be wary, ſoft and circumſpect.

Bord. I had thought an entrance rough, manly & boiſtrous had bene more pleaſing to Ladies.

Enter Madam Fulſome.

But ſee *Eunuchus* I ſhall be troubled I ſhall be tormented with this court owle if you aſſiſt me not: ſfoot the fleſh-fly hath eſpied me, ſhe will neuer linne ſucking at me ſo long as I haue any matter for her to worke vpon.

Eun. Who, Madam *Fulſome* the *Gouerneſſe* of the maides? ſhe is a good creature & very muſicall: ſhe ſets more inſtruments a-worke then a Fidlar: Thou muſt needes loue her if it were but

but for her humility: ſhe will bend her ſelfe to the meaneſt page of the ſcullery: and ſhe hates the pride of the fleſh exceedingly, and is knowne to be a mortifier of carnality.

Bord. I verily beleeue it, for her very countenance and complexion ſhewes ſhe is able to allay any mans courage liuing with a breath.

Enter two Ladyes and Phego a gentleman Vſher.

Fulſome. *Phego* doe you eſpy no motions behind the arras, no ſquals, mufflings, or pages ſtanding ſentinell? or becauſe our head the Lady *Iulia* is dead, are all her ſeruants that is her members in the ſame predicament?

Phego. Surely I ſee no body ſtirring Lady: it is ſupper time and euery man is prouiding for the belly.

Ful. It will be ſhortly time for euery woman to prouide for the belly too, *Phego* a word with you.

Bord. What is that *Phego Eunuchus* doe you know him?

Eunu. How, know him, can I miſtake him ſir, that is neuer hoodwinckt? he is an extreame enemy to haberdaſhers: affecting no blocke, but that which nature beſtowed on him: and of that he hath bene ſo curious that it is not a haire amiſſe: he is ſir the preface to your compound reſſe of mans fleſh, and vſhers her to imployment: and is a creature of ſingular patience; contenting himſelfe with the Theory, when others are the Practique. In his pace he imitates Fenſers, and ſtands much vpon diſtance: He is partly an Aſtronomer too, being much giuen to obſeruation of ſignes: for when the Sunne is in *Gemini* the Dog-ſtarre attends without doores: he is a great friend to *Aries* but naturally hates *Piſces* for it is a chill ſigne and cooles his toes ouer-vehemently: in briefe ſir he is a Gentlman Vſher.

Phego ſalutes Bordello.

Ful. Sure *Phego* that ſhould be ſignior *Bordello*: I pray you intreat his approach: of all our Courtiers I loue men of his country and breeding, they are the louingſt, beſt ſpoken, well gract creatures

creatures in theſe parts extant: I thinke it be giuen to thoſe that be borne vnder your northren clyme, to thaw and melt away at the Sun-ſhine of beauty: you ſhall read in very late ſtories that many of them haue loſt their beſt members in the ſeruice of Ladyes and diſtreſſed wayting Gentlewomen.

Bordello. I ſhould account it none of my neereſt miſhaps, being interdicted ſo worthy a preſence by more then vrgent affaires. Sweet Sir beare my excuſe with all reſpectiue deſire of pardon.

Ful. Whether Signior *Bordello* in ſuch poſt haſt: you forget your ould friends: when you came firſt to Court, you and I were more inward man.

Bord. Being vpon my departure Lady, I am inforced to ſee to the conuaying of my goods, and the truſſing away of my bagage.

Ful. And that word bagage (I will be ſworne) had bene an apt phraſe for his bringing in, but you purpoſe not I hope ſignior to depart Florence altogether.

Enn. Oh no: his flight Lady is like the Rauens, that hauing ſpied a fat carekaſe, romes about to call more of her fellows to the prey.

Ful. But Signior, haue you ſo fully furniſhed your diſcourſe with obſeruation, as with ſo ſlight a view of our Gentlewomen to make a departure? indeed ſignior the Ladies of your country will exact ſome obſeruatiue relate of your trauels vpon your returne.

Bord. For our Ladies Madame they are few or none, our country men are not ſo addicted to titles of honour: they vſe knighthood as rich Iewellers deſire lemms rather for traficque then ornament.

Phego. Is there any commodity to be had in the purchaſe ſir?

Bord. Great commodity, & that is the reaſon ſo many marchants and yeomen ſonnes hunt after it.

Ful. Belike this is one of your obſeruations: pray ſir be more open: I ſee you haue profited much ſince your comming.

Bord. For the better ing of mine inward parts, ſome few notions I haue committed to memory.

Eun. Impart them *Segnior*: it may be I ſhall ad to your ſtore: theſe Ladies will not diſcouer vs for intelligencers: they are naturally giuen to the concealement of priuate actions.

Bord. Since my comming to Florence I haue ſeen ignorance in the ſhape of a citizen muffled in the ſcarlet of magiſtracy that could not write his owne name. Generally I haue noted through the whole Country great enmity betweene witt & clokes lin'd through with velues: and yet beggars & gallants agree together very familiarly. There is no thriuing but by impudence & pandariſme: he that is furniſhed with one of theſe two quallities ſhall begg more of a foolik Lord at a maribone breakfaſt, then al the Poets in the whole towne ſhall rime out of him in an age.

Eun. Tut theſe are but petty obſeruations: I haue ſeene ſince my comming to Florence the ſonne of a Pedlar mounted on a foote cloath: a fellow created a Lord for the ſmoothneſſe of his chinne: and which is more? I haue ſeene a cap moſt miraculouſly turned into a beauer Hatt without either trimming or dreſſing.

Ful. That is ſtrange indeed: *Signior* and *Eunuchus*, we are to preſſe you to a further curteſie in meeting vs in the lobby ſome two houres hence at a poſſet.

Bord. You ſhall finde vs as forward in as hot a ſeruice in the Lobby or elſe where at your Ladyſhips appoint, but———

Ful. We muſt haue no denial.

Eunu. Canſt not ſay the Court-grace? promiſe man promiſe.

Bord. Your Ladyſhip ſhall finde vs ready to put in——our ſpoones.

Ful. Till then adieu *Signior* and *Eunuchus*. *Phego* forward.

Phe. So long as my ham-ſtrings hold. *Exeunt.*

Bord. You ſee *Eunuchus*, familiarity and curteſie hath enwrapt me in the knowledge of theſe meaneſt vaſſels of honour: but henceforth my countenance ſhall be eſtranged, & I will bury my acquaintance in ſilence.

Eun. I thinke the Cuckoe foreſings his owne dirdge: *Signior*, you ſhall need no further preſcriptions: in the carriere of your delight, vouchſafe a thought of *Eunuchus*, you conceiue me Sir,

Sir, manifeſt my ſeruice to *Timoclea*.

Bord. I were inhumaine if I ſhould forget you the lateſt minute of my life: pray heauens my Page *Pantofle* haue procured in my abſence the embrodered ſhirt I gaue directions for vpon both our wardrops: that care once ouer, I ſhall neuer henceforth taſte of lowſie misfortune.

Venus ſupplying what *Bordello* moſt lackes,
Courtiers and Porters liue by able backes. *Exeunt.*

Sæna 4.

Enter 4. Tapers borne by 2 Pages, Borgias, Verice, Ferrara, Mulleaſſes, Pruſias, Philenzo.

Borg. THus our preſumption hath prolongd your ſtay
At a cheape banquet: did not the rites of loue
Exact your preſence as a debt to *Iulia*,
Our bouldneſſe might haue wanted an excuſe
Thus to detaine you.

Ferr. You are too full of ceremony my Lord,
Knowing your welcome prodigall, and full of ſtate,
And ſuch as fits our mournefull accidents.

Ven. The better part of loue due to the liuing,
Appeares in friends euen when their friends are dead.
And thinke my Lord Protector that our loue,
For which we came in armes againſt your walles,
Would not be wanting in one ceremony
Due vnto *Iulia* at her obſequy.
Is *Pruſias* returned from our Campe?

Pru. I my gratious Lord.

Ven. Doth our Lieftenant keepe a carefull watch
Are Sentinels ſet out?

Pruſ. They are and it like your grace.

Ferr. Where is *Philenzo*?

Phil. Heere my Soueraigne.

Ferr. Are all in ſafety at our Campe?

 Phil. Safe

Phil. Safe and in quiet.
Ferr. The knight is old,
And drowſie ſleepe hangs heauy on our eies:
Conduct vs to our reſt.
Borg. Neuer till now was *Borgias* fully bleſt:
To lodge two mighty Princes in one night
Vnder his roofe: where my ſonnes ſonne may ſay,
Heere mighty *Venice* and *Ferrara* lay.
My Lord theſe Tapers lead you to your chamber,
Theſe great *Ferrara* vnto yours.
Ven. Reſt to you all. *Exit.*
Ferr. Good night and ſleepe vnto your ſorrowes. *Exit.*
Borg. Sweete quiet be a guard vnto you both,
So may you ſleepe for euer. *Eunuchus*:
Remoue without attendance from our eares.
Exeunt all but Mulleaſſes.
Now my hearts treaſurer: what now remaines?
My reſolution houlds to murder them,
And with that force the towne may now affoord,
Practiſe ſome ſuddaine ſtratagem on their powers.
Mull. That were too violent: things done for ſtate,
Muſt carry forme, and with an outward gloſſe,
Varniſh and couer what would elſe ſeeme groſſe,
Should they be murdered in their beds, or die,
Hauing your promiſe for their guard: th'offence
Could haue no ſafety but in violence.
No let them ſleepe ſecure, and this nights ſafety
Will make them feareleſſe, eaſie to be trapt
In a more cunning net.
To morrow at a banquet they ſhall drinke
A drugge, whoſe working in their breaſt ſhall ſleepe
Twice fifteene daies, vntill their abſence hence
May giue you colour from ſuſpition.
But then diſſoluing like a fier that's hid,
Spreading a burning poyſon through the blood,
It ſcalds the heart, and through the body runs:

Turnes

Turnes to a hot quotidian: and doth leeſe
All thought of poiſon in a mad diſeaſe:
So dying, no impute can touch your name:
Things are vndone that are vnſpoke by fame.
Borg. My fortunes on thy counſell noble Turke.
We'le clime together: my daughters heddy will
Shall ſtoope vnto thy pleaſure: as for *Iulias* loue ſhe
Muſt or yeeld or die: he that is wiſe,
Will tread on any that may make him riſe. *Exeunt.*

Finis Actus Secundi.

Actus 3

Enter Timoclea like a Ghoſt.

Timo. BLuſh not thou chaſt and modeſt Queene of night,
Nor hide thy ſiluer creſcent in a cloude,
To ſee me thus *Rhamuſia* like attir'd:
Stare on ye *Argus* eied heauens and ſee a woman
More full of vengeance, then your jealous Queene.
Meduſa ſometime the loue of *Neptune*,
(But after for thy luſt transform'd a monſter)
Lend me thoſe ſerpents that about thy head
Curle vp like Elfe-knots, at whoſe horrid ſight
The ſun may vaniſh or ſtand ſtill affright.
Or you you Furies miniſters of feare,
(That at *Aſtreas* feet lie bound in ſnakes
Attending her iuſt ſentence to begin
Terror of conſcience in the breaſt of ſin)
This night be powerfull in me and inſpire
My face with feare, my heart with ranck-ſwolne ire.
Venice, Venice, great Venice.
Ven. Who ſpeakes to Venice? *Within.*
Timo. *Iulia* thy loue
Ven. Deluſiue voice, why doſt renew my griefe
By naming *Iulia*?

Timo. Didſt thou loue *Iulia*?

Ven. Thou wrongſt me to make queſtion of my loue;
Whatſoere thou art.

Enter Venice.

Timo. Then ſee thy *Iulia* and reuenge her wrongs.

Ven. Diſſolue ye glacy pearles and melt in dropes,
Or with the teareſ-pent mother *Niobe*
Turne into ſtones: ſhall I beleeue my thoughts,
And credit what thy shape preſents to me?
Thou art the Ghoſt of murdered *Iulia*.

Timo. I am.

Ven. Immortall eſſence Virgin-element
So may I tearme thy ayry ſubſtance freed
From the groſſe mixture of our earthly load:
Oh I am throngd with paſſions & each craning vent
None can haue paſſage till ſome teares be ſpent,
Fall fall ye ſiluer pearles, and of the earth
Purchaſe a ſoft relenting at my griefes.
Soure downe like raine drops, and peirce the ſtones
Make them receiue my ſorrowes, or from mine eies
Run like to chriſtall riuers through the world,
Slide ore the flowrie medowes that the Nimphs
Dancing in feary rings vpon the graſſe,
May leaue their ſport, and weepe to ſee you paſſe,
Where by the dolefull murmure as you goe,
The hils may heare you mourne and ſound my woe,
Pardon: if I be tedious virgin ſpirit,
Or if my griefe be too effeminate:
Thy habit is an index to reuenge,
Which the wrongs ſeeme to plead for of me loue,
Speake them, or deale them through the yeelding aire
Into my eares, and they ſhall be to me
Like the ſterne drumme, or muſicque of the warre
Vnto the coward, or the fainting ſouldier.

Timo. Venice

Timo. Venice I was murdered.
Ven. Murder is open mouth'd, and as the ſea
Whoſe couetous wanes impriſond by the land,
Bellow for griefe and roare vpon the ſand.
So from the earth it cries, and like a childe
Wrongd by his careleſſe nurſe will not be ſtild:
Are ye then deafe yea gods, ye cannot heare it?
Or is iuſt Libra falne out of your ſpheares,
That wronged ſtates muſt to the earth appeale
For iuſtice and reuenge. Then tis not prophane
T'uſurpe your functions: my hand ſhall be as iuſt
As my ſoule louing: and they both ſhall leaue
A ſtory to the world of my reuenge.
Nor in ſucceeding times ſhall be forgot.
Venice reueng'd thoſe wrongs the heauens would not.
I interrupt what thou wouldſt ſay, and ſeeme
To crowne all vengeance in a paſſion.
Speake but his name.
Timo. My vncle *Borgias*.
Ven. Enough.
O that the genius that attends on man,
Should be a doubtfull Oracle to the ſoule
And whiſpering to our intellect what fate
Hangs like a falling tower vpon his ſtate,
Yet be no more of force to length our ioy,
Then were *Caſſandras* prophecies to Troy.
Diſloyall trecherous villaine *Borgias*,
Some *Hydras* poyſon, or the blood of *Neſſus*,
Cleaue to thy fleſh:
Oh my blood ſwels beyond my power: my voice
Louder then his that thunders through the cloudes,
Shall ſpeake this monſtrous murder to the world,
Ile be thy Orator wrengd ſpirit and plead
Blood and reuenge for thee though thou be'ſt dead.
Timo. Stay.
Ven. What wouldſt thou more?

Timo. Heare and be aduiſde:
To morrow when the ſenate ſits be there,
And in the eares of the whole ſtate proclaime,
And iuſtifie my words gainſt *Borgias*:
In this alone I will great *Venice* proue,
Do it as euer thou didſt *Iulia* loue.

Ven. I will.

Timo. Whilſt I borne vpon aire attend my bliſſe.

Ven. Peace to thy ſoule: Adieu. *Exit.*

Timo. Remember *Iulia*.
Yet proſper and go on for *Iulias* ghoſt
My falſe ſhape takes: th'abuſed Duke's a fire,
Through *Borgias* blood I'le runne to my deſire.

Enter Bordello ſolus.

Whome haue we heere?

Bord. *Priapus* thou womans God aſſiſt me with a Iouiall a-bility: this night I may beget a *Hercules*: Fortune I muſt confeſſe thou haſt turnd vp thy mouffler: & caſt a gratious aſpect on *Bordello*: for I am not onely in the ſtate of cleane linnen; but alſo thou haſt made me gratious in the eie of ſignior *Diaſpermatos* my Apothecary, who hath furniſhed me with this receipt: heere is a compound of *Cantharides Dioſiterion*, marrow of an Oxe, haires of a Lyon, ſtones of a Goate, Cock-ſparrowes braines, and ſuch like this after an houers receipt hath a foure fold operation: and leaſt I ſhould be like a Peacocke all taile and no heart, heere is a diſtillation of ten pound a pinte, that comforts the inward, fiers the braines, cheeres vp the ſpirit, and makes a man lay about him like a dutchman. Let mee ſee, it is more then time that I commit this diuine pill to his hopefull working. leaſt my ſtaffe be out of the reſt when my aduerſary is in the carriere. So *Cupids* faire mother be thy midwife: out and alas I am mare rid, what Somners Ghoſt or limme of Lucifer, puts poore *Bordello* in minde of pennance before he hath treſpaſſed?

Timo. I

F. Time. I am eſpied: his feare doth apprehend me for a ghoſt,
And I muſt feed it.

Bord. Se, it makes toward me: infortunate *Bordello* that the Deuill ſhould be an enemy to lechery

Scæna. 2.

Enter Madam Fulſome, Eunuchus and Phego.

Ful. Come let vs ſet to our buſineſſe, *Phego*.
Lend vs your wind to coole this poſſet.

Phego. It is not the firſt time I haue bene conſtraind to puffe and blow in your Ladyſhips ſeruice.

Ful. It hath oft come in myſ minde to knowe the deriuation and denomination of this word poſſet?

Eunu. I take it that it comes of the Latin word *poſſe* to make a man able: and that's the reaſon euer after eating them, men deſire to make experience of their forces.

Phego. I rather conceiue it comes of the word *pono* of putting together, for that your poſſets are the vſuall meanes of Congregating, putting and combining your Court creatures together.

Eunu. And that may well be: for I remember that reuerent pedagoge *William Lilly*, brings in *gigno*, *pono*, *cano*, one in the necke of another, *gigno* to beget, *pono* to put in, and *cano* to ſing.

Ful. That *Lilly* was a beaſtly knaue to put *pono* behind *gigno* there is no muſicque in it: but all this time we miſſe not Signior *Bordello*, it hath not bene his cuſtome to be abſent where his chops might haue had imployment.

Eun. Yon ſpeake of the dayes of hunger, when the ſlaue was a ſtranger in the land of *Hauilah*: but the word is retrogard: the laſt age is a golden age with him.

Ful. See

Enter Bordella.

Ful. See where the ſonne of ſaturne appeares.

Eunu. Sfoot I thought the Dog-fiſh had bene bayting *Cerberus* ere this time.

Bord. Ladies did not you ſee a ſpirit paſſe this way?

Eunu. Thou ſeeſt we are feeding the fleſh man, what dooſt thou talke of the ſpirit?

Bord. Without ieſt a meere Ghoſt, ſtanding bolt vpright at *Timocleas* chamber, ſome Court Incubs on my life.

Ful. Were you not much terrified ſignior with the apparition?

Bord. How, terrified? I no ſooner beheld it, but drawing my better parts together *Enter Timoclea.* Helpe, helpe! *All run out, Timoclea followes the Eunuch out*

Scæna. 3.

Enter Ferrara ſolus.

Ferr. FEare and ſuſpition, two night-waking charmes,
Baniſh all ſleepe, ſuggeſting in my thoughts
Falſehood and treaſon: I am ſlow and dull,
Diſcending like the earth: yet I know not what
Prickes like the thorne of *Philemel* at my breaſt:
And tels me there is danger in my reſt.
Sometime I thinke of *Iulia*: and that thought
Preſents her loues in a liuing ſhape.
When not remembring death, I ope my armes,
To tye a Gordian knot about her waſte
And bid her welcome: but that empty claſpe,
Deluding my falſe hopes with nought but ayre,
Makes my blood angry, and doth turne my paſſion
To ſeeke a ſubiect fit for my reuenge:
And then I euer thinke of *Borgias*,

As

As if my loue were wronged by *Borgias*. *A groning within*
What meanes theſe ſuddaine tumults in mine eares?
Saue me eternall guard of innocence:
Treaſon, treaſon, villaine thou ſhalt buy my blood.

Eunuchus ruſheth in: he kilt him:
Enter Timoclea.

Eun. O ſpare me.
Ferr. Diſtraction of my braine, what ſhape art thou?
Timo. Iulia *Exit.*
Ferr. Iuliah: hah: ſtay tis gone: did I ſee?
Or did my feare and fancy frame this forme?
Villaine thou art ſome inſtrument of falſhood
Confeſſe thy treaſon.
Eun. You are ſecure: that ſhape that nam'd your loue
Purſued me through the court, till for my reſcue
Feare made me vſe this violence at your chamber.
O I am ſlaine, and dye a cauſleſſe death,
I nere liud falſe to thee: all thou haſt gaind
Is that my ſoule dies cleare and leaues thine ſtaind. *He dies.*
Ferr. To doe thee good my ſoule ſhall ſay as much
And witnes it before the Iudge of ſoules,
When at the generall barre we meete together,
But I muſt vſe thy ſhape: this night Ile walke
Hid in thy habit from diſcerning eies:
Ile pry about the Court, perhaps I may
Once more ſee *Iulias* ghoſt, and learne her wrongs,
By them to ayme aright in my reuenge.
My hand firſt dies the ſcene: and it ſhall fill
The ſtage with vengeance: *Nemeſis* ſhall wade
Vp to the chin and bath herſelfe in blood,
The dangling ſnakes that hang about her necke
Shall ſucke like *Lethe* of the purpule gore
Shed for my *Iulias* death.
Ile feaſt the rauenous people of the aire,

And fill the hungry wolues with ſlaughtered men,
The ſtreets of Florence like the ſtreets of Rome
(When death & *Scylla* raigned) ſhall run with blood,
Their ſwelling channels with a ſcarlet tide
Shall waſh the ſtones, and for my *Iulias* death
The Angry gods of wrath ſhall ſmile as pleaſd
To ſeeme ſo reuengd: *Eunuchus*, thy death
Is but a prologue to induce a plot,
Maiſt thou be bleſſed, th'art not worth my hate
I muſt reach higher, and on thy diſguiſe,
Lay but the ground worke for reuenge to riſe. *Exit.*

Sæna 4.

Enter Mulleaſſes ſolus.

Mull. BE pleaſ'd ye powers of might, and about me skip
Your anticke meaſures: like to cole black moores,
Dauncing their high Lauoltos to the Sun:
Circle me round: and the midſt Ile ſtand,
And cracke my ſides with laughter at your ſports.
Oh my hopes fatte me: nor ſhall time grow ould,
Or weary with attending my ſucceſſe.
One night ſhall crowne me happy: *Borgias* wife
Appeares vnto the Dukes of *Iuliaſ* ghoſt,
To breed ſuſpition in them of her murder,
So that if *Borgias* chance ſuruiue this night
(As he muſt die if all my plots hits right)
The Dukes to morrow when the ſenate ſits
May proue what ile affirme againſt his life.
Nor to redeeme his ſafety ſhall he bring
The Lady to diſproue what we auerre.
Her will I ceaſe, and in ſome ſtraunge diſguiſe
Keepe till my growing faction be of force,
To ſecond my ambition for the crowne.
If I plot well, faire *Amada* muſt die,

And by her mothers hand: ſhe muſt not liue
To ſpeake her fathers wrongs, *Timoclea*
Thou art next: I tooke thee from thy graue
Not for the loue I bore *Timoclea*,
But to ſucke from thy vſe the ſweets of loue
I bore to *Iulia*: twas loue and ſtate
Gaue thee this time of life to ſtrength my fate:
But babble not: ſilence tongue: ſhe comes.

Enter Timoclea.

Timo. My Lord, what, drown'd in contemplation?
Mulleaſſes: loue.
Mull. Heauenly creation, beauties abſtract, natures wonder.
Timo. What meanes my Lord: awake *Timoclea* ſpeakes.
Mull. I muſt enioy thee *Amada*: ſtrong force of paſſion.
Timo. Ha: *Amada* deareſt Lord your ſence
And know me.
Mull. Ha *Timoclea*: thy loue and pardon, I was ore borne,
And carried from my ſelfe with idle thoughts
Of what ſad melancholly ſuggeſted in me:
What comfor bringſt thou? hath thy dead ſhape
Bene powerfull vnto feare? ſtood they amaz'd?
Their eies like fiered ſtarres ſet on thy face:
Their ſpeech abrupt and ſhort: their haire vpright?
Stiffe like the quils of Porcupines? art bleſt
Timo. I am: if what you ſpeake may make me bleſt.
Mull. It makes vs happy: gines our hope true life.
Timo. Neither my life nor hope to be ſo bleſt
Makes me ſo happy as thy loue deare Turke.
Were I *Venus* thou ſhouldſt be my *Mars*,
And I would court thee euen in *Phebus* ſight,
Although it mou'd an enuy in the gods:
Be *Ionial*: like *Salmecis* thy loue
Shall cling about thy necke.
Mull. I am not ſportfull:

Timo. Ile daunce before thee like a faiery Nimph,
And with my pleaſing motions make thee ſport:
Ile court thee naked, as did the Queene of thoughts
Her ſullen boy, and all to make thee ſport.
Mull. You are not pleaſing.
Timo. Not pleaſing gentle Turke?
Time hath not ſet the caracters of age
On my ſmooth browe: my pulſes beate as high,
As when my firſt youth lifted vp my blood,
I buy no beauty: nor ..ath nature bene
A niggard in my face: I am yet yong
Freſh and delightſome, as the checkerd ſpring,
The Lilly and the roſe grow in my cheekes,
And make a bed for loue to reſt him on.
Mull. But I am reſtles.
Timo. Reſt thee on my breſt.
Mull. No I muſt pilgrime to a loue deuine.
Timo. Loue me and vnto loue Ile build a ſhrine
And on an Altar offer to our loues,
The thighs of Sparrowes and of Turtle Doues.
Mull. You are importunate.
Timo. Ye ld then and I haue done.
Mull. No more:
Faire *Amada's* the ſaint that I adore. *Exit.*
Timo. *Amada*: minion is it you?
Makes me thus ſue vnheard? my daughter *Amada*
Haue I in my boſome nurſt a ſnake:
No fi..rce-ſtreame torrent, nor no ſtorme at ſea,
No ſtep-dame is halfe ſo ragings my blood was not ſo ſtrong,
When thou wert got: how vnlike the ſea,
My ſoule a Barke that runnes with wind and tide
And cannot ſtop: the Anchor of my thoughts
(Reaſon) is loſt, and like the vine-gods prieſts
Running downe *Nisa* or from *Pindus* top,
I am vnſtaid and doubtfull in my courſe.

O the

O the ſtrong power of ſence! I muſt doe that
Which all ſucceeding times to come ſhall ſpeake
Yet not beleeue; all ſay twas done, yet none
Say twas well done. Loue is a God,
Strong, free, vnbounded, and as ſome define,
Feares nothing, pittieth none: ſuch loue is mine. *Exit.*

Finis Actus 3.

Actus 4. Scena 1.

Enter Iulia and Amada.

Iulia. OHad our ſoules no deeper ſence then fleſh,
Were they like waxen pictures formable:
Obſequiouſly to take impreſſion
From euery rude hand, and be like this will
That wils vs vnto ſome deformity,
I ſhould not *Amada* complaine of wrong
But make religion of my forc'd reſtraint.
I then ſhould ſleepe and pray: and on my beades
Number deuotion: my euironed ſpirit
Should not thus ſwell beyond my preſent freedome:
Whiſper my wrongs, and prompt my weaker powers
To proue impatience.

Ama. Madam I am yours.
Let not the name of daughter vnto him
That hath confinde your hope, be preiudice
To thoſe affections I beare your ſtate:
Ile proue 'gainſt reaſon and receiued truth,
Like breedes not like, in breeding euery thing:
Cleere ſtreames may flow euen from a troubled ſpring.

Iulia. I am no infidell to thy poſition,
Sad thoughts oppreſſe me: may I haue no muſique?

Ama. Yes Madam,

Iuli. Some ſay that when the Thracian cutzed hell,
The tortur'd ſoules enchanted with his tunes,
Felt not their torments: *Sysiphus* ſate downe,
Ixions wheele ſtood ſtill: the thirſtie ſonne of *Ione*,
Forgat to drinke, and all the reſt did ſtand
Catching the ayre from his delicious hand:
I would I might partake their happineſſe.

Ama. Madam you ſhall giue your eares a while,
And you ſhall heare ſuch muſicke as would make
The greedy wolfe forſake the tender lambe,
And liſten to it: ſuch as the ſonne of *Neptune*
Plaid to the Dolphins: when they in a ring,
Danc't their crookt meaſures but to heare him ſing.
Madam how fare you now?

Iul. Euen as the labouring day-man after ſleepe.

Enter Timoclea like a Ghoſt.

Refreſht and cheriſhe: ha but *Amada*,

Ama. Some better *Genius* aſſiſt my feare,

Iul. What would it *Amada*, it beckens to thee?

Ama. My mothers troubled ſpirit: O defend me heauens.

Timo. A way: *Amada*.

Iul. It commaunds my abſence.

Ama. O for heauens ſake ſtay.

Timo. A way.

Iul. Something it would vnfold to thee: I goe. *Exit Iuli.*

Timo. Contenting thy feare, I liue,

Ama. Such terror liues not in a liuing eye,
Death is no ſharper then thoſe pointed beames,
That pierce vnto my heart.

Timo. Would they were ponyards digging at thy breaſt,
Keepe in thy ſhort-drawne accents: let not th'ayre
Carry the ſofteſt clamour to the eare
Of waking Iealouſie: if it do ——
How luſt and Nature doe deuide my ſoule?

The

The one doth plead prescription in my blood,
And she's as plaintiue with such clamorous spels,
As might coniure the violent rape of lust
To modest continence. O but it is a vice
Sooner condemn'd then banisht: easily spoke against
But yet t'will fawne as smoothly on our flesh,
As *Circe* on the Grecian trauellours.
When she detaind them in the shape of beasts,
Amada knowest thou my face?

Ama. I knew that outward Character of her
That sometimes I call mother.

Timo. Dost thinke I haue no life?
Seest my blood in a continuall pulse
Beat through the azure conduits of my flesh?
Feele how I burne: what star'st thou on me?
Am I transparant? canst see from my heart
Death in the shape of jealousie: stand
Like a chiefe Organ guiding all my frame,
Vnto some tragicke action?

Ama. O giue my sence some freedome:
From feare and terror, that I may distinguish
Betwixt the credulous rumor of your death,
And what I see.

Timo. I liue, the time befits not inquisition
Of tedious circumstance: *Amada* I liue:
But thou must die, and by thy mothers hand.

Ama. O be not a *Media.*

Timo. Why like *Creusa* hast thou stolne my *Iason*?
My *Mullcasses* he dotes vpon thee:
I am debard his breast,
Robd of his loue by thy alluring lookes.
Sad discontent wound in his folded armes,
Sighs nought but *Amada:* but by my better hopes
My blood shall like *Medusas* first turne to serpents
And taint thy flesh, ere it shall loose that fier
Which makes it boyle and burne in his desire.

Ama. De-

Ama. Deforme my beauty, fill my face with scarres,
Make me more lothsome than a dead mans scull,
Wash me with spiders blood, that I may swell,
And be more vgly then a Gorgons head,
That he may feare to see me: onely let me liue,
And spare me that, that onely you did giue.

Timo. My pleasure gaue thee life, and it resumes
That life againe, because it kils my pleasures:
Th'art like an Iuy nourisht at the roote
Of some proud oake, that not content to creepe
And feede vpon the sap, but stretching vp,
Proudly presum'st to ouerlooke the top:
So that the verdure of the ambitious impe,
Detaines all admiration: the Oake wants grace,
Onely because the Iuy is in place.

Enter Mulleasses.

But Ile displant thee for no weede shall grow
So neere the roote from whence my sap doth flow.

She kils her.

Ama. Cruell vnnaturall: heauen my hopes in thee
If virgin pureneſſe please accept of me. *moritur.*

Mull. What, do you Christians sacrifice with flesh?
Or like the *Laodiceans* vnto *Pallas*, offer
The blood of virgins? O inhumane deed,
Vngentle monster, beauteous *Amada*

Timo. It was her beauty that I offered vp
Vnto thy loue my deerest *Mulleasses.*

Mull. Worse then a Camell in her time of lust,
Cruell vnto thy childe: loose thy snaky armes
O thou hast done.

Timo. As *Lucius Catalive*
Romes terror did for *Orestilla*, kild
My childe: no more for *Mulleasses* loue,
I would out-goe examples, and exceed

As

As in deſire, all others ſo indeed.

Mull. And yet I loue thy cruelty: for this night thou muſt
Diſcard the timorous pitty of thy ſexe:
Be a *Semiramis*: let thy husbands death
Giue thy hopes life: feed, feed vpon his blood,
And let thy vaines ſwell: now he prepares to bed
Be thine owne Ghoſt: and like the apparition
Of his bleeu'd dead wife call for reuenge:
Incite his timorous conſcience to deſpaire,
Speake of damnation: let one word containe
A hell of torments. But time ſlides.

Timo. I runne. *Exit*

Mull. Much ere the morning riſeth muſt be done,
Ile beare this body hence: ha ha ha,
O now me thinkes I gin out-reach my ſelfe,
Now like ſome huge *Colloſſus* cold I ſtrut,
And ſtride that oake of *Mahomet*: that beares vp
The ponderous center: whoſe deuided hornes
Meaſuring the paſſing of a thouſand yeares,
Touch at both Poles, and toſſe the macy ball:
Makes mountaines nod and Curled Cedars reele
On Syrian Lybanus: but ſoft me thinkes I heare *within oh oh*
Some mutinous and diſtracted tumult.

Enter Borgias & Timoclea after him.

Borg. Guard me ye iuſt and intellectuall powers
Thou triple and eternall eſſence.

Timo. Borgias.

Borg. What dreadfull ſummons calls on *Borgias*?
What art thou?

Timo. Timoclea thy poyſond wife.

Borg. What wouldſt thou, Hah.

Timo. Reuenge and horror.

Borg. Terror to my ſoule: forbeare thoſe lookes.

Timo. Deſpaire and vengeance.

Borg. Maiſt thou be peacefull, in my praiers I wiſh it,
Let them expiate my ſinne: if thou be'ſt a ſpirit
Bleſt and celeſtiall: chang that face of feare,
Or leaue th'infectious groſneſſe of our aire,
And like an Angell daunce about the Spheres,
Play with the Moone and make the ſun thy g——
To ſee thy beauty as thy beauty paſſe.
Or if thou be'ſt ——

Timo. A meſſenger of death.

Borg. Then like a Fury poſt to Tartarus,
Fetch vp the ſnackie curld *Eumenides:*
From *Orcus* bottome where reuengefull cares
Griefe, pale diſeaſes, ſad and crooked age
Are euer reſident: let them and their effects
Let firce *Erennis* with her brazen feet,
Seize me at once, and ſtrike me in my fall,
Lower then him that durſt aſcend the ſun.
Onely be thou appeaſd.

Timo. Not till I meete thee in the ſhades of death.

Borg. Which thou denieſt me: for thy feares keepe in
My trembling ſoule: it dares not leaue my breſt,
Mount to the flaming girdle of the world,
And fetch me lightnings, I will ſwallow it.
Snatch from the *Ciclops* bals of Etnean fire
And I will eate them: ſteale thunder from the clowds
And dart it at me: quaffe ſtigian *Nonocris*
I will pledge thee. (*following him.*

Timo. Ile haunt thee to deſpaire. *Exit Borgias. Timoclea.*

Mul. Purſue his feare to ſome effect of death,
Whilſt I like ſtarres that ſpread their ſparckling fiers
Beyond an vſuall light fore-ſhewe a tempeſt
Of the whole ſtate of Florence. *Amadas* remoued
Her neere alliance vnto *Iulias* blood,
Shall not diſtaſte my hopes: *Timocleas* feare
Workes death an *Borgias*: vp *Mulleaſſes*
Sit like *Saturnus* on the higheſt orbe,

And

And let ſtarre-gazing wizards from thy feare,
Buzze ſad Aſtrology in the peoples eare.

Enter Borgias and Timoclea aloft.

Borg. What night or what darke Chaos can conceale
My conſcience horror rather let me ſee
The feare of *Hercules*: let the cretian Bull
Bellow and burſt my braines: onely may my eares
Be deafe to thy exclaimes.
Timo. Thou art at fartheſt.
Borg. Then I can but fall. *He leapes downe.*
Timo. Like Lucifer from heauen. *diſcendit Timoclea.*
Nul. Oh now me thinkes a Chorus all of Angells
Clad with the ſun and crownd with golden ſtarres,
Should make more heauenly muſicque at thy fall
Then all the ſpheres that daunce about the ball:
Now ſhould thou poetize in verſe for ioy,
And out-ſing *Homer* in the fall of Troys
Borg. Villaine triumphſt thou?
Mul. O ye ſtrong power of ſuperſtitious faith
It reignes on fooles: that men of wit and ſtate,
Men that like Eagles climbe to be aboue,
And ſhrowd themſelues betweene the knees of *Ioue*,
Should be ſtrucke downe by apparations.

Enter Timoclea.

Timo. Deluſiue counterfeit.
Borg. Counterfeit!
Timo. I Valentine I liue:
And am the actor of mine owne reuenge.
That cup of poyſon made againſt my life,
Was by my deereſt *Mulleaſſes* loue
Turnd to a philter: and my working ſence,
Charm'd in the ſcilence of a quiet ſleepe,

Shewed as if death had lockt my pulſes vp,
But poſting time brought motion on my blood
And now my full vaines like a water-brooke,
That ſlyding gently at ſome proud hils foot,
In pipes of lead are carried to the top,
And there in amorous branches ſpreading forth,
Courts the curld mountaine thus, thus, and thus: *ſhe kiſſes him.*

Borg. Laſciuious ſtrumpet.

Timo. My beloued Turke.

Borg. Inceſtuous *Phedra.*

Timo. Loue *Hipolitus.*

Borg. Cruell *Medea.*

Timo. My kinde *Iaſon.*

Borg. Whirle me ye iuſt & more auſpitious powers,
Amongſt the thicke and thunder darting clouds,
That being wrapt in flames I may be throwne,
Like *Aetnean* bals from heauen and ſtrike you downe:
Or would my dying breath were more infectious
Then halfe rotte bodyes digd vp from their graues,
Or then thoſe miſts felt by the ſoules of men,
When they deſcend to th'*Acharuſian* fenne.
It ſhould not ſtriue within me, or be loth
To leaue my body might ir blaſt you both. *He faines to die.*

Timo. So with thy death the Embrion of my loue
Takes perfect ſhape. Now like the *Seſtian* maide
May I court *Leander* ſwimming in my armes,
And with our pleaſing motions mocke the ſeas
That roſe and fell to wanton with his thighs:
Now ther's no Helleſpont betwixt our loues:
I am not jealous: *Agamemons* dead,
And *Clitemneſtra* with *Aegiſthus* plaies:
Pleaſure is free.

Mul. Come ther's no pleaſure in you:
Y'are a luſtfull time-ſpent murderous ſtrumpet,
The proſtitution of your knowne *Bordellos*,
Where euery itching letcher vents his blood,

Is not ſo loathſome.

Timo. You ſpeake not like a louer.

Mul. No, for thou haſt kild my loue *Amida*:
And now thy husbands blood bids me beware
Of ſome new luſt and third adulterer:
Such is your loue to me.

Timo. Oh ſtop thoſe killing accents, be more milde
I doe forgiue what you did ſpeake: and aske
But a kind thought for all my louing taske.
Theſe eies haue ſeene you ſmile: looke gently on me,
And let me read ſome milder charracters:

Mull. Hence with thy ſerpent twines.

Timo. I am no *Lamia* nor no *Laſtrigon*,
No high-prizd *Lais*: that thou ſhouldſt eſteeme
Repentance purchaſ'd at too deere a rate:
Kings ſhall not come to *Corinth* where thou maiſt,
Not with a common *Epherian* trull,
Purchaſe a minutes pleaſure: but with me
(As faire but yet more chaſte by farre then ſhe)
Spend yeares of ſweete content.

Mul. Syren mine eares are ſtopt I will not heare thee.

Timo. Oh would I had a Syrens charming voice,
I'de vſe no incantations but to thy eares,
Or were my tongue like *Orpheus* golden lyre,
To which the windes were huſht and heard it play,
It ſhould be ſilent but to pleaſe thy eares,
Or like the dying ſwan would I might ſing
A funerall elegy to my parting ſoule
So that the muſique might but pleaſe thy eares:
What ſhould I ſay?

Mull. Be dumbe and leaue me.

Timo. Not till thou loue, or elſe of life bereaue me. *Exeunt*.

Borg. Ha,
Are ye gone: all cleere, damnation ceaſe ye,
I, a knowne practiſde pollititian,
And thus outreacht: O my ſhallowe braines.

Fell I ſo high? would I had fallen from heauen:
So, like a *Pahetan* I had fir'd the world:
Or like a flaſh of lightning on your heads,
Conſumd you for theſe trickes: I dyed in time
Like a true coward, counterfeited death,
For feare to die indeed: well then for my life
I am beholding yet vnto my wit:
But for my legges I know not how they ſtand,
Are my bones ſtiffe ſtill, not broken?

Enter Mulleaſſes.

Ha?

he falls againe.

Mul. I am at laſt frred of my luſtfull loue,
My hope is yet diſpaire will arme her hands
To her owne death, and ſaue my ſword a labour:
If not, tis but the taking backe of what I gaue,
And ſend her once againe into her graue.
Now for my *Iulia*, ſhe is the maine of all,
Her will I ceaze and keepe, vntill the Fleete
Now vnder ſaile for Florence be ariu'd,
From the grand ſignior ſent to make me ſtrong,
And get commaund vpon the ſtraights: howſoere
Twas promiſt *Borgias* to make ſtrong his part,
Againſt the Dukes: ſhe being had,
My title's firme for Florence, their claime's bad
Eunuch.

Enter Ferrara diſguiſ'd.

Ferr. Your pleaſure.
Mull. See you this body?
Ferr. I doe.
Mull. Conuey it to his bed there let it lye,
The murther Ile transport vpon the Dukes,
Or on ſome treaſon by their meanes contriu'd:
See it be done.

Ferr. It

Ferr. It ſhall.

Mul. Now vnto *Iulia*, on her eies lies my ſtate,
If ſhe conſents: why ſo: if not I know
Death and commaund makes womens hearts to bow. *Exit*

Ferr. The death of ſlaues purſue thee, hah *Borgias*,
Protector: true true:, clap clap ye furies,
Daunce your blacke rounds, and with your yron whips,
Fetching eternall laſhes as you skip
Strike a loud ſounding muſicque throngh the aire,
And make the night Queene pale to heare your noiſe.
Be peacefull wronged ghoſt whereſoere thou beeſt,
Poſt to the bleſſed fields where ſoules take reſt:
Drinke *Lethe* freely for thou art reueng'd.
Come thou incloſure of a damned ſoule,
Ile be obedient beare thee to thy bed,
Then in my chamber laugh that thou art dead.

Ferrara takes vp Borgias, Borgias drawes out Ferraras dagger and ſtabs him with it.

What ſudaine paine aſſaults my yeelding heart?
Borg. Ha, ha, ha, youle beare me to my bed,
Then in your chamber laugh that I am dead.
Ferr. Liueſt thou damd villaine?
Borg. I liue, and laugh vilde ſlaue to ſee thy fall,
This is the incloſure of a damned ſoule,
Villaine thou ſhalt not breath another word.
Ferr. Stay but a minute longer, know that I haue
Thy promiſe and thy oath to be my guard,
Thy ſlaue I murthered and aſſumd his ſhape,
I am *Ferrara*.
Borg. *Ferrara*, ha? true true, clap clap ye furies
Dance your blacke rounds, and with your yron whips,
Fetching eternall laſhes as ye skip,
Strike a loud ſounding muſicque through the ayre,

And

And make the nights Queene pale to heare your noiſe:
You haue my oath and promiſe for your guard:
So wiſe men promiſe fooles, but their reward
Like thine *Ferrara* is the loſſe of breath.
Ferr. Iuſtice I thee implore, reuenge my death. *moritur.*
Borg. *Mulleaſſes* thinkes me dead, and in his plots
Goes on ſecurely: ile returne his pollicies,
And vpon him tranſport *Ferraras* murder.
My wife he hath forſooke: that ſweetens danger
That I but liue to ſee reuenge on her.
My weake force built vpon the Turkiſh fleete,
I ſee is ruind, and I but vndermined:
No hope is left ſaue in mine owne commaund
And power with the ſtate: whoſe light credulity,
I eaſily did delude with *Iulias* death.
But yet *Timoclea* liues, and may perhaps
Eſcape her falſe-loues hate: which if ſhe do,
This blacke nights horror fals like thunder on me:
She muſt not liue till day: be euer darke.
Stand night vpon the nooneſtead: and attend
My fates ſecurity: if euer blacknes pleaſd
Or deeds to which men may reſemble thee,
Turne then thy ſooty horſe, and with their feete,
Beate at the riſing morne: & force the Sunne,
Forbeare his luſtre till this blacke deed's done. *Exit.*

Finis Actus quarte.

Actus 5. Scæna 1.

Enter Timoclea ſola.

Timo. HEll and ye furies whereſoere you be,
Shew me your tortures, and preſent your ſelues,
Or let the burning monarch clad in flame,
Make an infernall eccho to my name.

I know not what I ſay: *Timoclea* wronged,
Loue-ſlighted and contemned? O my wiſh,
That like the croſſe-eyd witch of Theſſaly
My voice could through the riuets of the earth
Hollow and call reuenge: or rather: whine?
My daungerous ghoſt attir'd like *Nemeſis*
About her middle for a virgin Zone
Girt with a forckt-toothed ſerpent, vext at my breſt
That did exceed a ſtep-dame in my luſt.
Forbeare yet gentle maide; thy fathers ſoule
Kneeles at thy brazen Throne of *Radamanth*
And craues that office: wither am I borne?
Diſpaire, thou art a falſe glaſſe to the ſoule,
And in the conſcience dazel'd with thy guilt
Of many ſinnes, doſt vary formes of feare.
I not believe thy fore'd ſuggeſtions,
I am ſeduc'd by paſſion: death and terror.
Borg. Error: *within*
Timo. Falſe aire thou lieſt I ere not: my loues wrong
Ile teare out of my breſt: forget thoſe hopes
Made my hands bloody: I am cleare: vnſtaind:
Borg. Staind.
Timo. Forbeare thy thunder, gentle gentle voice,
Beat not my conſcience torments gainſt the walls,
To make the Court ring with thy clamorous anſwers:
Heauens let my teares redeeme me vnto life.
Borg. Life.
Timo. Of my terror: I deſire not: ſpeake of death.
Borg. Death.
Timo. Of my daughter: how eaſie through the aire
Our ſinnes are hurried: thou canſt tell of murder.
Borg. Murder.
Timo. I of my husband: night thy cole blacke wings
Though darker then the Moones eclipſed browe
Are not fit Canopies for ſinne.

Enter

Enter Borgias.

Borg. Timoclea.

Timo. Diſtraction of my ſoule, who breathes my name?

Borg. The airy breath of him that ſometime liu'd
A tennant in the breſt of *Borgias*,
By thee driuen out the frame and houſe of life.

Timo. By me.

Borg. And now like one whome ſterne oppreſſion throwes
Nak'd out of all he did poſſeſſe: being robd
Of the couert he inhabited,
I ſigh my helpeleſſe wrongs, and in the aire
Counting all hope I had, find all diſpaire.

Timo. Diſpaire.

Borg. And empty longings for an end of paine,
Which I ſtill wiſh and craue.

Timo. But neuer gaine.

Borg. Neuer.

Timo. Forgiue me.

Borg. Aske it of the heauens,
To whom my blood with ceaſeleſſe clamorous calls
For iuſtice and reuenge.

Timo. Iuſtice in heauen is like my ſin gainſt thee
Cruell: and ſooner may I with my knees
Eate through the center: from theſe pearly eyes
Should there fall downe more teares of penitence
The clouds drop to purchaſe a newe ſpring
I could not be forgiuen.

Borg. Death is the winter dombd vnto thy ſoule
Diſrobe it of thar warme and wanton fleſh,
The mouth of iuſtice bides *Timoclea* dye.

Timo. Be thou then iuſtice executioner
Reuengefull ſpirit: in this fleſh of mine
Carue thy reuenge in caracters of blood.

Blaſt

Blaſt me: or from the centers hollow deepe
Let thoſe ſome coniur'd tempeſts: whoſe lowd ſtormes
Driuen through the ayre ſings horror to the world,
And let them hurle me gainſt the labouring clowdes
Sinke to the brazen-gated deepe *Abiſſe*,
Where furies ſit curling their ſnakes in knots,
And pull a viper from *Alectos* head,
And on theſe breaſts that in thy heat of life,
Haue been as pillowes to aduance thy luſt
Let it ſucke freely: the *Egyptian* Queene
Nere died more daring.
And to the ſterne commiſſioners of blood,
Be a glad *Hermes*: tell them, *Timoclea*
Takes vengeance on her ſelfe: dull Element be gone.

Borg. The morning ſaffron horſe breathes from the Eaſt
Their ſpicy vapors, ſuckt from th'ndian plaines
And through the gentle ayre hurle their perfumes.
I heare the Suns ſteedes trot towards the milky way,
And in a Coach of flames draw vp the day:
Aurora vſher to the ſtarres of night,
Tels the approaching of the God of light:
They gin to twincle and take in their fieres
At their ecclipſe we ſpirits leaue the aire,
And in a diſmall vale of darkeneſſe growne,
Vnder the burthen of a thouſond chaines:
I muſt away, thou onely doſt detaine me,
With want of vengeance, which thy death muſt gaine me.

Timo. It ſhall, it ſhall:
Hard hap of miſery, it hath many hands,
That like the windings of a laborinth,
Leads the deſpairing wretch into a maze:
But not an *Ariadne* in the world,
That lends a clew to lead vs out the world.
The very maze of horror.
Ceaſe thou that ſtands firſt mouer of the ſpheres

From whoſe high concaue all inferiour fires
Deriue ſucceſſiue motion.
Stand ye night-wandring planets in a maze,
And from your hollow Fabricks view *Timoclea*,
Or elſe ye heauens put in your flaring lights,
And on your azure-ſeiled arches hang
A rauen-blacke Canopy of congealed cloudes
That you may ſeeme a Chaos to the world,
And boade eternall darkeneſſe: thou wert not mad to kill,
Looke on her haire diſplayed.
Nor was the Diademe of her *Ponticke* Queene
Made as a fatall inſtrument of death,
And yet it was the engine ſtopt her breath
As thou muſt mine. Soule of *Borgias*
Thus to thy ghoſt I ſacrifice my life,
To buy thy *requiem*.
Borg. I accept it wife,
He ſtrangles her with her owne haire.
And thus returne the fall of *Borgias*
Nay nay repent not deere *Timoclea*,
Y'ar caught in faith: then like a Lyonneſſe
Snar'd in the wary hunters tangled toiles,
Grinde the thin ayre: ſwell higher till thou burſt.
And let the breath that like a vapour preſt
Struggle within thy boſome, hurle thee vp.
Soft——the time ſpends faſt, & I haue much to thinke of
Before the tel-tale God diſplaies his light,
To ſhew the world, the horror of this night.
Firſt for thy death the luſtfull Turke muſt die,
My riuall in the loue of *Iulia*.
Him Ile accuſe for murdring thee. The Dukes
Becauſe his claime may alienate my hopes
Him in my accuſation I will ioyne
As ioynt coagent in the Turke deuiſes.
As for that rumour of faire *Iulias* death,

Ile

I'le firſt proclaime her life; and on *Mulleaſſes*
(Who now detaines her) will transfer the falſehood,
As if my ſelfe had bene by him deluded:
Theſe mazes when like *Theſeus* I haue trod,
Fortune ſhall ſpread her wings to make me ſailes,
And with a ſtrong ayre cut the angry tide,
That into mountaines ſwels to ſtay my pride.
Hah, what heauy noiſe beates through my eares?
Hang heauy *Morpheus* on the eies of men,
And make ſuſpition ſleepe.

Enter Philenzo and Phego.

Phil. The rumors ſtrange I pray poſſeſſe me with your propper knowledge.

Phego. Yov ſhall vnderſtand ſir, that according to my function, giuing neere attendance to my Lady, ſhe being ſeruently imployed in the Lobby, about a mixture or compoſure of (as we vulgarly tearme it) a poſſet: vpon our firſt entrance, ere we had reliſht the ſweet of her ſweet, that is the fruit of her labors, we were ſuddainely aſſayled by a ſhe-goblin: to deſcribe it ſir I am not able, for my eye ſight turn'd inward to looke after my heart that was running from my heeles, yet thankes to the lanckneſſe of my calfe they made reaſonable haſte.

Borg. Heart of all miſchiefe ſee the Court is vp,
Hell and the darkeneſſe keepe me from their ſight.

Philen. At midnight did *Ferrara* leaue his chamber,
Heauens be his ſafety.

Phego. A Ghoſt a ghoſt. *Exit Borgias.*

Philen. Purſue it where it goes: feare ſhall not ſtop me.
Follow me ſir, Ile ſpeake to it, though death
Ceaze on my life: it ſhall not looſe mine eies
Vnleſſe it ſincke into the earth. *Exit*

Phego. Sfoot my office is italianated, I am faine to come behinde.

Enter Bordello.

Bord. Was euer man thus diſtracted betweene the fleſh and the ſpirit? s'foot this Pill ha. h ſo fiered my manſion that vnleſſe I light on ſome water-worke I ſhall looſe the raines like a ſecõd *Phaeton*, and burne my Fabricke. Surely I am that *Tantalus* the hungry Poets talke of, and am as dry as an Eele in a ſand-bagge, and yet want water for the reaching: Let me ſee, why ſhould I feare ſpirits that haue raiſed vp ſuch an able one at my pleaſure, that like a bold Orator ſtands on tip-toes to ſpeake in Barre: and yet me thinkes he ſhould be no good pleader, he was ſo ſuddenly deiected and out of countenance with an apparition. I would the caſe were laid open, that I might ſee how my young mooter would beſtire himſelfe: Ha: who is this? no more ghoſts I hope: if it be it is the more womanlie of the two. She lies as if ſhe knew the end of her creation. On my life ſome wayting maide that hath a Court Epilepſie come vpon her: Ile ſee if ſhe foame at the mouth. Out and alas, the heauens hath conſpired poore *Bordellos* ouerthrowe. The vertuous *Timoclea* wretched and moſt accurſed hands, that haue truſt vp my fortunes in thy Eſe-knot.

Scæna. 2.

Enter Duke of Venice, Lord Pruſias Attend.

Lord. THeſe apparitions doe import more weight
Then our diſtracted iudgement can yet poize,
Yet mighty Duke ſuſpend a while all feare
If both my power in ſtate and worth in honor
May be ſufficient gage to be your guarde
Then thinke you are in ſafety.

Ven. Sir we thanke you: neither is there one

Knowne

Know vnto vs in in Florence, on whoſe worth,
I dard aſſure ſuch ſafety as from you,
And to that end I brought this gentleman,
As well to acquaint you with this deepe occurrence,
That much concernes your preſent ſtate, as craue
A guard for our ſecurity gainſt daunger.
Prn. Reſpect your guard great duke. Villaine what art thou?
Bord. A moſt deiected parcell of mans fleſh.
Prnſ. Lend your eies and ſee
A deed as blacke as the time that hides it:
A murdered gentlewoman.
Lord. Ignoble villaine, could thy coward-arme
Preſume the leaſt wrong to her feeble ſexe?
Bord. Wrong: heauens know I ment to haue done her as much right as could haue bene done to one of her ſexe.
Ven. Death hath not changd her forme: ſee her face,
You may diſcerne her by her character.
Lord. She beares the image of *Timoclea*
Wife vnto *Borgias*.
Ven. Soule of deluſion, in this very ſhape
The ghoſt of *Iulia* was preſented vnto me.
Lord. Amazement and the giddy thought of feare
Run an vnſteady circuit through my braine:
Thy feare and trembling doth proclaime thy guilt.
Bord. Alas ſir my ſhaking proceedes of a ſtanding ague I haue had this two houres.
Lord. The time importunates and craues ſuddaine counſell.
Guard ceaze him ſafe, ſome beare this body hence,
Wee'le vnto *Borgias* chamber him wee'le wake,
Acquaint him with the ground of our ſuſpition:
Meane time be ſafe in me: nor loue nor life
Shall turne mine honors current: Ile be your guard:
This hand ſeemes your perſon, or my ſword
Shall in the Traytours heart make good my word. *Exeunt.*

Sçæna. 3.

Scæna 3.

Enter Mulleaſſes & Iulia &c.

Iuli. IF thou beeſt humaine, then forſake thy ſute
Your words are ſtrange to me: my virgin eares
Nere knew ſuch ſound: deſiſt I will not bowe.
Mull. We looſe all pleaſure that we doe not know
Then like *Pandora* view thoſe heauenly guifts,
The Gods haue deckt thee with: ſee but thy ſelfe
And taſte more pleaſure from thy proper good
Then from the full horne of the Protean floud:
Eliſium is in thee, and I implore ——
Iuli. Syrens haue left the ſea and ſing on ſhore.
Mull. Could I out-ſing thoſe Syrens *Iulia*,
Or were my voice as tunefull as that harpe
That now vies muſicque with the harmonious orbes,
To which each learned ſiſter naild a ſtarre,
Thou mightſt with ſafety heare me: thy Vncles loue
Cold as the white head of the *Apennine*
Feeles not my fier: ambition of rule
Turnes all the heate is left in him to inceſt.
If thy warme blood (that dallies in thy vaines,
And through thy fleſh like a wanton riuilets plaies)
Deſires with *Nyle* to riſe aboue her banckes,
And vent in pleaſure on the neighbouring plaines;
A carpet richer then the breſt of Temple,
Or *Tagus* yellow channell, ſhall be ſpread
And preſt with *Iulias* weight.
Nor the blew ſea-god when in ſtormes he treads
On pearles as Orient as the ryſing Eaſt,
For which the toyling Negro dines in vaine,
Are boaſted of ſuch wealth: thy bed as ſoft
As downe feathers pluckt from *Ledas* ſwannes,
Shall yeeld vnto thy dalliance,

A hundred boyes like winged Cherubins
As faire as *Pſiches* loue ſhall.....
Iuli. Enough, too much: I am not fit for pleaſure
Or if I were thy Mermaid eloquence
Sounds harſher in my eares then *Sillas* dogs
Vnto the frighted Sea-man.
Mul. Lady.
Iulia. Heathen prophane.
Mul. Be gentle Madam.
Iulia. If thou beeſt gentle leaue me *Mahomet*
Our loues like our religion are at warres
And I diſclaime all peace.
Mul. And I a louers ſmoothnes: your Vncle's dead
His power is mine, and you muſt goe.
Iulia. Soule of wrongs: wither? y'are both to weake
Ther's more then woman in me: villaine, ſlaue.
Mull. You vrge me vnto violence come to my chamber.
Iulia In hell or in my graue: a rape, treaſon: treaſon.
Lord. A guard, a guard.
Mul. Death of my hope, the Court is vp.
Enter Lord, Venice, and attendants: with Bordello bound.
Ven. From hence the voice was heard, be circumſpect.
Iulia. Treaſon, treaſon.
Lord. Who ſpeakes that word?
Iulia. *Iulia* your Soueraigne.
Mul. Silence or thou dyeſt.
Lord. Error of darkeneſſe in what Labirinth
Our ſoules are plunged: raiſe the Court: *Iulia?*
Iulia. I,
Ven: *Iulia* and *Mullealſes?*
Mull. *Iulia* and *Mullealſes* fond Venetian
Preuented at the point of happines:
Ven. Thus I redeeme her.
Mul. And like *Cephalus* kill thine owne *Procris.*
Iulia. Saue me.
Lord. Thy death ſhall be her freedome infidell.
Mul. Why ſtop you in your courſes ſhort breathd chriſtians?

Nayle vs together. Now me thinkes I ſtand
Like a proud Lyon with a richer prize
Then *Neſſus* would haue ſtolne from *Hercules*
And dare your enuyes: my death vnto your ſtate
Shall be as ominous as his poyſond ſhirt:
Your falſe Protector's dead: he mockt your griefes
And made you weepe at *Iulias* funerall,
Whoſe hope I vnder wrought, and now had worne
The wreath of Florence: loue and ambition,
Kindled my cold braine from their mutuall heate
Sprung my aſpiring aime: nor ſhall it ſincke
But in the death of *Iulia*: ſince I cannot
Quench my hot thirſt of luſt, and coole the heate
That hotter then the coales of *Parta*
Burne in my liuer: like the ſnowy Dragon,
Tangling the Elephant in his ſnarled orbes:
Ile die in the purſuit of my deſire,
And mixe our bloods in death to ſate my fire,

Ven. Hold monſter.

Lord. Damnation on thy ſoule.

Ven. Thy death ſhall ranſome her.

Mul. Death double thy feard force, and it ſome forme
Affright pale *Hecate* darken the Moone,
I like the Surne backt on th'Arcadian beaſt,
When in his burning progreſſe he did ſindge
Adonis gardens: from my ſonles faire light
Chaſe cloudy feare: and like *Thetis* ſonne,
When he was oynted with ambroſia,
Am more then fire-proofe: liues *Iulia* yet?

Ven. She liues dam'd villaine and out-liues thy hate.

Mul. Death had bene kinde in her: with her I might
Vnder the coole ſhades of *Eliſium*
Plaied before *Pluto* and made *Proſerpine*
As jealous as *Iuno* of my loue——
But ſince I muſt not.

Enter Borgias, Phileuzo, & Phego.

Borg. Vp from the darke earths exhaltations

Thicker

Thicker then *Lernas* foggy miſts and hide me:
I cannot looſe their ſight, hell of feare!
Phil. It flies our eager ſteps: follow, follow.
Lord. What meanes theſe clamours: *Borgias*?
Mul. Hah, *Borgias*.
Borg. Horror of ſoules, I am ſurpriz'd.
Mul. Illuſiue ayre, falſe ſhape of *Borgias*,
Could thy vaine ſhaddow worke a feare in him
That like an *Atlas* vnder went the earth
When with a firme and conſtant eye he ſaw
Hells fifty headed Porter: thus I'de proue
Thy apparition idle: ——— *runnes at Borgias*
Borg. Treaſon: I liue: Deuills and Furies I am ſlaine.
Lord. Wonder of admiration: what diſtraction is this?
Mul. Ha, ha, ha: climbe high my mounting ſpirit
And when thou haſt a ſpird to thy full hight
Like a Colloſſus on a baſe of cloudes
Stand and applaud thy fortune *Borgias*
Borg. Grin'ſt helliſh Anticke?
Mul. Should the *Cecropian* theeſe ſtretch my torne fleſh
Rackt on his bed of ſteele: if on *Caucaſus*
My growing liuer were expoſd a prey
To rauening Vulturs: I would ſtill laugh
To ſee thee like a falling *Pine-tree* reele
In a rough tempeſt.
Borg. Hold vp ye broken organs of my ſoule
Carry me high, and make me ſtand as firme
As Oakes on *Oſſa*: that aduance their tops
Euen till their rootes breake. *Timoclea*
Mul. For loue of me kild her owne childe
Thy daughter *Amada*.
Lord. Amazement.
Borg. Bleſt fates I thanke you: I ſhall dye reueng'd
Fly *Ioue* lou'd *Nemeſis* and at Iuſtice feete
Shake thy triumphall Aſh: I ſlue *Timoclea*
Mul. By thee before thought dead

I tooke

I tooke her from the hearse of *Iulia*,
When in the habit of a murdered ghost,
This night she appeared to the Duke, to breed
Suspect in them of thee, and arme their hate
Vnto my plotted faction.
Ven. Damnd illusion.
Lord. Where is *Ferrara*?
Phil. Heauens be his guard.
Borg. So they are. He kild my slaue
And in his habit by this hand he died.
Phil. False periurd villaine. *he runs at him.*
Borg. Sinke, sinke *Cytheron*, high *Pelne* tremble
Greene *Tempe* wither, and with me forgoe
Your place and being, this whole world of flesh
With fatall earth-quakes totters.
False Turke thy fate be as cruell as is *Borgias* hate. *moritur.*
Mul. Stoope downe thou Lydian mount, bend thy cold head
And hide it in thy brackish fathers waues
That as thou shrinkst, thy starry loade may nod
At *Mulleasses* fall: or euer shroude
Those ioyfull bonfires in a mourning cloude. *moritur.*
Ven. Iust end of treason.
Lord. Madame our duties ioy your life
And wish your happinesse.
Ven. As the iust reward of daunger.
My Lord I claime her loue.
Lord. Not without iustice braue Venetian
She is her selfe and free.
Iulia. And thus I giue my selfe.
Lord. Heauens seale it for the good of both our states.
Ven. *Philenzo*
We can but grieue at great *Ferraras* losse:
Embassadours from vs shall plead our sorrowes
Euen to your Senates; meane time his obsequies
Shall want no honours. Signior *Bordello*
We giue you liberty: what remaines vndone
Shall by the Senate be confirm'd: lead on.

FINIS.

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